

# LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICAL COMMENT

TWENTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER

Editor

## ONE OF LIFE'S IRONIES EXEMPLIFIED

**T**HIRTEEN years ago when the California Teachers' Association was in session in Los Angeles, we recall that Booker T. Washington, engaged as chief speaker on that occasion, was denied admission to our leading hotels. The pretext was over-crowdedness; the real barrier was his color. Even in his case, the splendid brain that was lodged in the educational leader of his race was ignored, due to the unreasoning prejudice of narrow-minded hotel proprietors. What a contrast is now presented! Next Sunday, at the largest auditorium in this city, a vast concourse of whites and blacks will gather to pay tribute to the remarkable work of the late head of Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama. It is one of life's ironies. Los Angeles, irrespective of race or color, can well afford to acclaim the great usefulness of Dr. Washington, who is generally regarded as the foremost interpreter of his people. We agree with the New York Post that when the final verdict is passed upon his achievements, as an interpreter of his race, particularly in the South, will be his greatest claim to renown. He brought light to thousands that would otherwise sit in darkness, remarks the Post, thereby earning enormous dividends, not only for the blacks, but for the entire republic. Than his "Up From Slavery" it has been well said that a more moving human document is not often the product of travail and suffering. Dr. Washington's gospel to his race was that of industry, thrift, the acquisition of property, correctness of life and bearing; he tried to build up from a firm foundation—that of orderliness and good citizenship. He himself was an exemplar of the fact that the negro may aspire to, and reach, great heights. In honoring the memory of Dr. Washington Los Angeles partly atones for the slight it put upon him in 1902. His life is an inspiration to his entire race for, born a slave, he rose from a wail and a stray to be the inspirer of his people in their onward and upward progress. The republic owes him much.

## JUSTICE TO A DEAD POET

**W**E agree with the erudite if rather cynical, but always entertaining "Yorick" of the San Diego Union that there are enough "annual" holidays in California without adding another by proclaiming a "Joaquin Miller Day" as is being urged upon Governor Johnson. But we do not agree with the sprightly Yorick that Joaquin Miller is surpassed by Ina D. Coolbrith, George Sterling and Edwin Markham, much as we admire these California singers. That Bret Harte takes precedence of all, hence is more deserving of a tribute in the manner proposed for Miller, better meets our views. We are not demanding any special day for the author of "Kit Carson's Ride" and "The Ship in the Desert;" rather would we have those who neglect him utterly read the poet once a year on a specific date. But when we find Yorick asking Joaquin Miller's admirers to name six of his poems worthy to be printed in any anthology, whether of American or California verse, we hasten to reply. Of the two poems of his already named one is too long for any anthology, yet in "The Ship in the Desert" are contained many admirable descriptive lines, strong characterization and poetic imagery of a high order. It is a virile poem of the west and could not have been written by any one of the three named by Yorick as Joaquin Miller's poetic peers. In the "Songs of the Sierras," "The Last Taschastas" is deserving of permanent place for its picturesque settings and treatment of aboriginal motives and passions. That, too, is in-

tensely western and individual. Just why Yorick should look askance upon the "Columbus" poem is not clear. In spite of the adverse criticism we must hold that it is one of the finest short poems credited to an American singer and that it is pure Americana enhances its worth. Also, do we greatly admire "With Walker in Nicaragua." It is an epic that should not be forgotten even though it does glorify the deeds of a filibuster who paid the great penalty. The concluding stanzas, which the late Edmund Clarence Stedman admired sufficiently to include in his anthology, "At the Grave of Walker" are lofty in sentiment and particularly poetic in treatment. Do they, too, fall short in Yorick's estimation? "Dead in the Sierras," we would choose for a fifth, while from the "Californian" may be garnered material for half a dozen short poems. Tut, tut! Yorick, what have you in your system that impels you to deny to Joaquin Miller the due that is inherently his? A day for him? No! But room, room in our hearts and minds for his "Songs of the Sierras," his word pictures that were not born of the closet, but are redolent of this land of the golden west that we all love.

## SPARTAN COURSE PREFERABLE

**M**UCH nonsense has appeared in print of late relative to the chloroforming of a mite of humanity born into the world under a heavy handicap, mentally and physically. Fortunately, a sensible mother and a broad-minded physician agreed that to allow the infant to live were a greater crime than to permit it to die, so back to the undiscovered bourne the soul was sent to await a more auspicious advent. If there was anything immoral in such procedure we fail to recognize it, but, to the contrary, hail the act as reflecting the truest humanity. If the child could have faced the question, undoubtedly, it would have decided against a life of misery. The Spartans were better advanced than we of this age in such regard. The deformed infant was humanely suppressed at birth as was right and proper. The best equipped youngster, bodily and mentally, has none too easy a task in striving to maintain a foothold and to compel a derelict to fight for place is a grievous sin. Just who should decide in this life-and-death matter we do not pretend to say, but we hope that in all future occasions of the kind, calling for the exercise of common sense and humanitarian doctrines, the blessed chloroform will be applied without recourse to the newspapers or the calling in of a public jury.

## PROGRESSIVES AS DEMOCRATIC AIDS

**B**EFORE sailing for Europe to become a war correspondent Mr. Victor Murdock, chairman of the Progressive National Committee, issued a statement in which he professed to find the cheeriest kind of encouragement for the perpetuation of his party. He expects to see the Democrats at loggerheads over the program of preparedness, finds discord and dissension in the Republican ranks, with only the Progressives presenting a solid front and a constructive program for business ills. He asserts that a national ticket will be named which will personify their platform and inspire the independent voters. Less than a week later we find that other staunch reformer, Mr. George W. Perkins, chairman of the national executive committee of the Progressive party, submitting to an interview at Chicago in which he says his party "must and will have a national ticket in the field in 1916." He admits that he came "fresh" from many conferences with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. He shed no light on the possible Progressive nominee, modestly remarking that it was not his province to pick the candidate. His talk was mainly on the dissensions in the Republican party, its domination by the reactionary element and the certainty that it would be unable to attract either the independent or Progressive vote. His line of thinking clearly indicated that he and Mr. Murdock had been comparing notes and had agreed upon a course of procedure. Both Murdock and Perkins emphasize the domination of the Republican party by the reactionary element and, consequently, insist that the Progressives would be foolish to discontinue their party organization. Says Perkins: "I am personally convinced that between now and the assembling of the Progressive national convention next year, and when that convention

does assemble, the party will, by its every act, make it perfectly plain to the people of this country that the course it takes will be constructive and not destructive; forward looking and not backward looking; broad and not narrow as regards political lines and parties; in short that it will make it perfectly clear that the responsibility for selfish action, blunders and mistakes, for which the country always has to pay so dearly, shall rest in 1916, as in 1912, on the shoulders of the men who are in politics in this country for personal advantage and aggrandizement." Meanwhile, with Democratic Floor Leader Kitchin opposing Mr. Wilson's preparedness program, thereby helping to split his party, and Mr. Bryan, to employ the Murdock phraseology, "breaking up the furniture in the interest of the propaganda of peace," in addition to "loading up a whole battery of high explosive guns on the single term pledge and the iniquity of the Manhattan Club connections," there would appear to be ground for hope for the Progressives. But practical politicians see otherwise. With three national tickets in the field the re-election of Mr. Wilson may be confidently predicted, despite the assertions of General Harrison Gray Otis, who told the Oakland Tribune the other day that the outlook for Republican success in 1916 was of a most roseate hue. The General, evidently, is wearing extra high-powered glasses in his advanced years.

## PREPAREDNESS AND OUR REAL DUTY

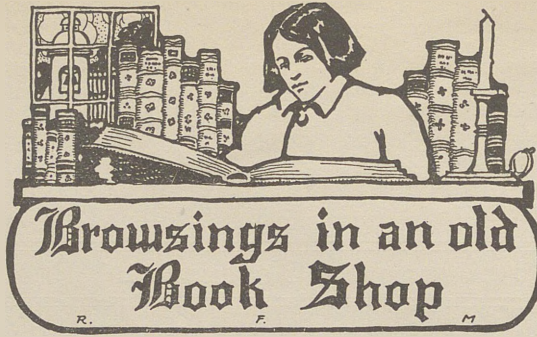
**B**RYAN is not alone in his belief that a strong and unscrupulous business group is pecuniarily interested in increased appropriations for army and navy, and is the real motive power in the movement for preparedness. The former secretary of state charges in his November Commoner that it is more than a lobby. Says he: "It is a concerted attempt to misinform the whole nation with a view to the securing of enormous profits at the expense of the tax-payers." He urges publicity, believing that to be the surest weapon with which to meet the evil. "Turn on the light" he admonishes, "that the country may see the fraudulent character of the pretended patriotism which is now being paraded before the country by men who claim a superior attachment to the nation, but are, in fact, nothing but leeches and parasites." Representative Warren Worth Bailey of Pennsylvania, in the same issue, directs attention to the "insidious lobby" uncovered by President Wilson in 1913, soon after he took office. He declares that coterie was of negligible force in comparison with the one which now infests the capital. With grim satire he pays his respects to the "patriotic lobby that is so concerned over the welfare of the nation and the perpetuity of our sacred institutions; a lobby which is in deadly fear of an imaginary foe; a lobby that thinks in terms of air-ships, submarines, dreadnaughts, 16-inch guns, torpedoes, shells, a huge standing army and a navy greater than a Hobson ever dared to propose." The President is invited to turn his attention to this lobby whose ramifications are briefly recounted by Mr. Bailey. He charges that greed is masquerading in the vestments of patriotism and that militarism is cloaked in the garb of peace. He, too, wants light, that the sinister work may cease. It is a timely warning which Mr. Bailey makes and that his utterances are pregnant with truth we have excellent reason to believe. Mr. Bryan reminds his countrymen that we are now spending \$250,000,000 a year for preparedness, which many of us think is no insignificant sum. In view of the fact, as stated so forcefully by President Wilson, that we are not threatened from any quarter; that our relations with all nations are friendly; that everybody knows of our capacity for defense and that there is no fear among us," why this frenzied demand for a reversion of the sane and sound policy that heretofore has characterized the American nation in respect to defensive armament? We like the viewpoint of Dr. Stephen S. Wise, rabbi of the Free Synagogue of New York, who in an address before the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco last Saturday told his hearers that California, along with other states, has been "caught up in the mad whirl of preparedness that is becoming a mania with us." He pertinently asks, "Preparedness for what? For the moral disaster and physical and financial bankruptcy that have overtaken Europe after forty years of preparedness?" Dr. Wise is right, as Mr. Bryan also is right. We don't need



that kind of preparedness. He finds the real enemies of the republic at home, rather than across the seas, and the deadliest is the grafter and corruptionist. His message is that the problem of the nation is not preparedness, but civil duty. Amen! Not by mastery and tearing down, but by building up the democracy which we love will the paths of true greatness be found. Let us have the moral courage to reject the false beacons and cleave to the simple ways that will redound to our national credit and insure for stable advancement. President Wilson wants to do what is best for the country. Let him hear from the rank and file of the nation that is not stampeded by the insidious manufacturers of a specious public opinion.

#### TIME FOR THE KAISER'S RENUNCIATION

ASKING the question, What is he fighting for? the New York Times devotes a two-column editorial to a consideration of the purposes of the war into which the German people have plunged at the instance of the Hohenzollern, charging that he cannot speak the truth about it, for candid confession would end the war and end him. The article goes on to quote the Berlin paper Vorwarts, recently suppressed for daring to inquire why, after fifteen months, the statesmen of the Powers at war have been unable to tell the nations what objects they have before them, the reason for shedding their blood, and what the prize is for which they are striving! Vorwarts is impatient of the meaningless phrases "Defense of the Fatherland," "freedom and justice" and "kultur." "What does the German government really consider as its objects in this war?" was Vorwarts' demand before the mailed fist choked off the impudent querist. But the German people in increasing numbers, comments the New York Times, are beginning to understand that they are fighting not their own battle, but that of their mad master; that no principle of justice and freedom is at stake, for it was in denial of both that the Emperor's government decreed war and withstood all appeals for peace. The war was begun, it is asserted, and is carried on, for the freedom of the kaiser to mold and use Germany for the perpetuation and aggrandizement of his house. The career of the Hohenzollerns is traced for five hundred years, and as the world has moved forward Germany has seen and favored the wonderful development of a great people. "But that imperious will at the top has centered all growth and increase upon one object of brute force, the creation of a state armed, mighty, irresistible for conquest, seizure and expansion over all coveted parts of the globe, not as the national interest might demand, but as the central will decreed, and in rough disregard of all just titles to ownership." Deplored the absence of spirit of the enlightened and peace-loving Frederick, our contemporary sees a sterile ambition urging on the kaiser until it has wrecked the German genius and caused the German people to forfeit the place they had won, and demolished the structure reared by their tremendous energies. The emperor could end the war, it is declared, in a day, by a renunciation that would be the only possible atonement he could make in this world for the appalling calamities he has brought upon it. His abasement would give life to millions now doomed to death in the future battlefields of his war. "For his crown and scepter, for the Hohenzollern house, the Prussian idea, fools' baubles all, he fights on, drains his empire of its life blood, prolongs its hideous carnage, sustaining the spirit of his weary troops, of his people in the shadow of famine, with blasphemous assurances that God is with him and them in what he calls the defense of the nation's existence." With two million Prussians killed or maimed, a million men of the other German states slain or wounded, and all Europe drenched in blood, it is not surprising to find the German soldiers giving way under the strain and suffering, as late dispatches from the seat of war indicate. Letters found on German prisoners and the dead, following the battle of Champagne, fully corroborate this statement. Writhing under the fierce artillery fire of the French which created such havoc in the trenches, one soldier wrote: "If the end were only near! This is the cry everyone should raise, 'Peace, peace!'" "Cruel hours!" a captain noted in his diary. Another: "We must have reinforcements at once. Our men are dying of fatigue, privation and loss of sleep." A third: "Nothing to eat; heavy losses. . . Impossible for human beings to hold out any longer." Are these utterances a reflex of the general spirit of the German army on the western front? The conservative Associated Press correspondent seems to think so. He writes that the continuity of the French artillery fire, the weakness of the German reply, the extent of the latter's losses, lack of food and generally exhausted state conspire to a demoralized condition. Many of the prisoners acknowledged they were tired of the struggle. Are not all these things sufficient to induce a renunciation of one man's barren aspirations, as the New York Times asks?



BEYOND the meager account in the school histories of the Indian wars of 1675 and 1676, commonly called "King Philip's War," few young Americans and, probably, not a much larger percentage of adult readers have followed that great uprising of the native tribes under Philip, son of Massasoit, which proved so disastrous to New England colonists. I came across a reprint at the Old Book Shop of Church's "History of King Philip's War," published originally in 1716 and appearing in a second edition in 1772. My copy is dated 1829, being edited by Samuel G. Drake from the 1772 reprint. The original author, Thomas Church, was a son of that Captain Benjamin Church (afterward commissioned colonel) who was in command of the party that hunted the Indian chief to his death, which took place August 12, 1676, after a year and more of desultory fighting. Captain Church was born at Duxbury, near Plymouth, in 1639, and was the first white man to settle at Seconet or Little Compton, Rhode Island, among the Sogkonate Indians, then governed by a squaw sachem, Awashonks. By his kindness and firmness Captain Church at a later date was able to wean the Sogkonates from their allegiance to Philip and placing himself at their head he utilized this defunct tribe in pursuing and overcoming the Wampanoag "king."

Of course, Philip was not a king, but a chief, the second son of the good Massasoit who lived in such amity with the pilgrims. The older brother was called Alexander, both names having been bestowed by Governor Prince of Plymouth at a treaty-renewing period with their father. Alexander succeeded to the leadership of the tribe at the death of Massasoit, but his plottings with the Narragansets against the settlers induced a call to the court at Plymouth, in returning from which journey he was taken with a fever and died in 1657. Philip meditated trouble from the start, but eight years passed before he could manage anything like a general uprising and even then he was only partially successful. Considering that in Plymouth county alone there were 4000 Indians able to bear arms and that not more than 16,000 able-bodied whites could be massed in all New England, with at least 10,000 Indian warriors in the like territory, the menace to the colonists at the hands of the aborigines under Philip was of serious import. Selling arms to the natives had long been a breach of the laws, yet for fifty years the Indians had been supplied with guns and ammunition. As a result, the slaughter of the colonists was excessive. Hostilities began in June, 1675, and because Benjamin Church so well understood the habits of the Indians in fighting and was so thoroughly acquainted with their haunts, swamps and places of refuge between Narraganset and Cape Cod, he was invited by Governor Winslow of Plymouth to aid Major Bradford in suppressing the revolt, which had its rise at "Swanzy." It was fortunate for the colonists that a man combining so much good judgment and forethought with great bravery took the field. In a swamp fight in December, 1675, Captain Church was wounded in three places. In the same action fifty English were killed, "and," says the old record, "about 300 or 350 Indians, men, women and children were killed and as many more 'captivated.'" For three months thereafter Captain Church was out of commission, recovering from his wounds. As soon as he could get about he was importuned by General Winslow to accompany him into the Nipmuck country where the still weak captain had a thrilling adventure. A prisoner having escaped from his captors, ran into Church who closed with him. The Indian was naked and slipped away. Church pursued the Netop (tribe of Sogkonates) to a swamp that was covered with hollow ice. The Indian fell and the white man grappled with him. But let me quote from the narrative:

"Though Captain Church's wounds had somewhat weakened him, and the Indian proved a stout fellow, yet he held him in play and twisted the Indian's neck as well, and took the advantage of many opportunities, while they hung by each other's hair, to give him notorious bunts in the face with his head. But in the heat of the scuffle they heard the ice break, with somebody's coming apace to them, which when they heard, Church concluded there was help for one or the other, but was doubtful which of them must now receive the fatal stroke." The arrival proved to be a friendly Indian, who had originally taken the prisoner. The story continues: "Without speaking a word, he felt them out—for it was so dark he could not distinguish them by sight, the one being clothed, the other naked—until he came to where Church's hands were fastened in the Netop's hair when with one blow he settled his hatchet in between them, and thus ended the strife. He then cut off the head of his victim and carried it into camp," whereat there was mighty rejoicing.

This manner of dispatching prisoners was inevitable, with savages fighting on both sides. Philip had tried to enlist as allies the vicious Mohawks, whose cruelty to Indian prisoners was notorious. According to Roger Williams the name Mohawk is derived from the word moho, which signifies to eat. Among the other tribes the Mohawks were known as cannibals or man eaters. It was by a trick that Philip sought to gain them to his cause. Despairing of exterminating the English with his New England Indians he sent to the Mohawks who were loth to join him. In order to win

them over he had recourse to a foul expedient. Meeting with a party of Mohawks in the woods, hunting, he caused them to be murdered and then informed their friends that the English had done the deed. But one of the Mohawks, left for dead, revived and returned to his tribe, spreading the truth of the massacre. In their resentment the Mohawks fell upon Philip's forces, killing many of his men with horrible atrocities.

How Philip met his death is told with dramatic directness. A deserter, whose brother had been killed by Philip, for suggesting peace terms, made his way to Captain Church and offered to lead him to Philip's camp on Mount Hope neck. Church laid his plans carefully to encompass the enemy and himself led the way into the swamp. The Indians were taken by surprise. Philip started to run but was shot through the heart and fell upon his face in the mud and water with his gun under him. Captain Church ordered the body to be pulled out of the mire to the upland. It was decreed that not one of his bones should be buried. An Indian was ordered to behead and quarter the famous chief. His head was carried in triumph to Plymouth and there exhibited. It was a dismal ending to the brave but misguided savage. To complete the victory it was necessary to capture Annawon, Philip's successor, and this was accomplished by Captain Church in a way reflecting great credit upon him and without the shedding of blood. With a small detachment of men and friendly Indians he crept upon Annawon, who had thrice the number of men, surprised him and induced him to surrender. It was a bold stroke that proved highly successful and ended the war. Annawon gave Church Philip's belt, curiously wrought with wampum, a beautiful piece of Indian work, nine inches broad, with figures of birds and beasts, pictures and flowers. The belt reached from Captain Church's shoulders to his ankles. Another of Philip's "royalties" also of wampum, which he used to place on his head at big powwows was similarly wrought. Blankets and other adornments he presented Church as the victor, hence lawfully entitled to them. Annawon had served Philip's father in many wars with Indian tribes and his heart was broken when his chief was killed. Annawon names Asuhmequin as Philip's father, which would make the latter a grandson, not the son of Massasoit as histories relate.

In referring to the expedition to Canada in 1690, headed by Sir William Phipps, Mr. Drake recalls Bozman's traditional derivation of the name of the British dominion which is new to me. In his introduction to his "History of Maryland," Bozman says that previous to the visiting of Newfoundland by Cartier in 1524 a body of Spaniards sailed to the coast in search of gold, but its appearance discouraged them and they quitted the land in haste, crying out as they went on board their vessel "Aca nada! Aca nada!" or, in English, "There is nothing here!" The natives retained this exclamation in their memory and, afterward, when the French came, the latter were saluted with the same words, which they mistook for the name of the country. In time, the first letter was lost, hence it became Canada. This is almost as ingenious as the traditional naming of Quebec, as related to me by an old river (St. Lawrence) pilot many years ago. He said that when Jacques Cartier sailed into sight of the mighty promontory he cried out, "Mon Dieu, quelle bec!" (What a beak!) which in process of time became Quebec, i. e. Ke-bee as the habitant pronounces it. The story was told me in much good faith by the old pilot.

In the French and Indian wars that followed Captain Church again served his country, was advanced to major and colonel, serving with Governor Phipps in 1692 and as late as 1704 when he was in his sixty-fifth year, proceeding against the Indians at Penobscot and Passamaquoddy, after the massacre at Deerfield. His reputation throughout was that of a brave, upright and devout man. He had five sons and a daughter and lived to celebrate his seventy-ninth birthday, dying January 17, 1718, following a fall from his horse, by which a blood vessel was broken. Considering the great value of his services to the colonists, and the many times his life was in jeopardy, the niggardliness of the provincial governments of Rhode Island and Massachusetts is deplorable. Promises made to him were repeatedly broken; often he had to advance pay to his soldiers, especially the Indians, out of his private purse; yet whenever new Indian troubles arose Church was the first man to be importuned to suppress the revolt and to his credit he seems never to have refused his services, despite the cavalier treatment received. It is sad to reflect that it was a great grandson of this sturdy old colonist, to wit, his namesake Benjamin Church of Boston, a poet of no mean accomplishment, who proved to be a traitor to his country one hundred years after Philip's death. This descendant was charged with treasonable conduct in informing General Gage of the patriot movements, receiving British new guineas as pay. He was tried by court martial, at which Washington presided, and was sentenced to solitary imprisonment. His health failing, he was released in May, 1776, and permitted to leave the country. He sailed from Boston for the West Indies in a vessel which was lost at sea with all on board. His family received a pension from the English crown. How his indomitable old forbear would have groaned in spirit over the disloyal conduct of this scion of the house of Church.

S. T. C.

#### Singing Across the Continent

When Mrs. Wallace L. Hardison was in San Francisco recently, visiting her cousin, Robert Newton Lynch, who is vice-president and manager of the chamber of commerce of that city, she had the unique experience of singing across the continent. It seems that Mr. Lynch officially opened the direct transcontinental telephone line to Atlanta. Mr. Lynch gave a short talk over the wire, which was heard by the two hundred and fifty guests, including the Georgia governor, at a banquet in the southern city, all of whom were provided with telephones. When he had finished speaking he introduced Mrs. Hardison who sang "Swinging in the Grapevine Swing" and was rewarded by receiving the enthusiastic applause of the southern gentlemen.



## LEAST OF ALL LITTLE THEATERS

By Randolph Bartlett

THIS week I thought I made a wonderful discovery. Prowling around in the neighborhood of Washington Square I saw a sign, "Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theater." The name appealed. Possibly, I had become infected with the general idea that the smaller a theater, the greater the probability of finding sincere art. So I investigated. In the office was an indefinite, boyish person, who did not seem to have any specific idea of what it was all about, but who imparted the information that the theater was open the three last evenings of each week, and no admission was charged. I took out a year's subscription on the spot, my name was inscribed in a register, and I was given a number in the five thousands. Also, I was handed a ticket of admission to the next performances. This was all highly exciting. In a general way I understood that the talent was furnished voluntarily by members of the great community of artists and dilettantes in Greenwich Village. The possibilities were enchanting. Here one would see daring, revolutionary playlets, staged simply and acted by their creators. I could hardly wait for the moment of my initiation.

Alas! when the evening arrived and I made my way to the Thimble Theater, I was handed a program which showed clearly that the uplift was devoted exclusively to Mr. Edison's phonograph, Charles, the genius of the institution, being a son of the Wizard of East Orange. To begin with the close of the evening, Guido Bruno, whose analysis of the spirit of Greenwich Village I quoted last week, made a speech in highly hyphenated English, telling how Mr. Edison was passionately devoted to the idea of giving American composers and singers an opportunity to compete with the ruthless invasion of foreigners. According to Mr. Bruno, the American has no show in his own country. He must have an European reputation before he can get a hearing in his native land. Mr. Bruno insisted this was the case in the literary, pictorial and plastic arts, as well as the musical, thereby showing a lamentable ignorance of conditions. Mr. Edison proposed to change all this—hence the Little Thimble Theater. Here there would appear, weekly, American singers and musicians, singing and playing American compositions. Before this select audience they would have an opportunity to show what they could do. The audience, not Mr. Edison, would judge their talents. If it appeared that they were worthy, Mr. Edison, in all probability, would spread their name and fame throughout the land by means of his phonograph records.

With this explanation, I considered in retrospect the representatives of American art who had been given their opportunity upon this occasion. I shall name no names—let them remain obscure. The first artist was a tall, sad looking woman, who presented upon the piano excerpts from an operetta of her own composition. With all the subtle interpretative genius of the pianist in a moving picture show, she rattled off half a dozen tunes. The music may not have been so bad as it sounded, but she had not the slightest tenderness of feeling for her own melodic children. It lacked even the positiveness of a pianola. And as she ended each of the selections we all applauded, out of sheer decency, and the sad lady, rising about one and three-fourths inches from the piano stool, responded with a corkscrew bow and a pessimistic smile. You could not help being sorry for her. You pictured her toiling months, perhaps years, upon these commonplace, tinkling things, fondly believing herself another Arthur Sullivan, or at the least, a Harry von Tilzer. And nothing can come of it. No publisher will ever touch it, no manager listen to more than a dozen bars, and no Edison can it for winter consumption. So the tall, sad lady finally ended with what she, doubtless, considered a splendid bravura climax, and corkscrew-bowed herself back into obscurity. There is tragedy in this, if you like, but not music.

The other human performer of the evening was a more or less coloratura soprano who was fearfully embarrassed by the fact that she did not know what to do with her eyes. This condition of mind may account for the style of her singing. It was as true, flexible, expressive, and almost as strong as a calliope. Her vocal enthusiasm was nil. But she did sing every note exactly on key and exactly as it was written. She took no liberties with the score. When she reached a point that called for a rest of three-eighths of a beat, she rested three-eighths of a beat, and not seven-sixteenths. And a nice little red-headed girl played perfectly precise accompaniments on a piano that was born to better things. Between being sorry for the sad lady of the operetta, for the girl with the mechanicoloratura voice, and for myself, I was sorry for the piano. It is a particularly good piano. You could not be sorry for the nice little red-headed girl, for one of these days a handsome young hero will come along and carry her off, and they will be happy ever after.

Before, after, and between times, we were regaled with selections on Mr. Edison's phonograph. I would suppose that in his own son's own theater, Thomas Alva would make sure that his finest instrument was installed. I hope this is not the case. The worst phonograph music (!) I have ever heard in my life, was that ground out in the personal theater of the personal son of the personal inventor of the phonograph.

For all I care they can reduce the Little Thimble Theater to the dimensions of a Hypodermic Theater.

\* \* \*

Speaking of music—but we weren't, were we, and for that matter we are not going to, and yet—speaking of music, an amusing trial with a moral, has been in progress in New York for the last week. John T. Hall is one of those persons who advertise for poems to be set to music. When he receives the poem, he informs the author, after various negotiations, that upon the poet contributing from \$30 upward, to the cost of publication, the lyric will be printed. There were thirty-eight irate poets in court when the case came to trial, alleging that they had been mulcted by Hall in amounts varying from \$41.50 to \$45, and without result. Some of them were permitted to read their lyrics in court. In the

phalanx was Charles Smith, one of Kansas City's most prominent and popular bootblacks. His creation was entitled, "Gal, You Certainly is Some Kid," and he testified that he paid \$45 to have it set to music and published. After reading the chorus one was forced to admit that \$45 was a low figure at which to provide suitable strains for his verses, of which the following is a sample:

Honey, never get mad with me, dear.  
It's you I want, can't you see?  
When you get home—  
Let me make love o'er the phone—  
You sweet little angel child,  
With that cut little smile,  
Gal, you certainly is some kid.

The case, while amusing, is considered important by the federal authorities, who are prosecuting Hall on the charge of using the mails for fraudulent purposes. It has been well known for years that frauds of this sort were being perpetrated, ambitious and trusting poets being victimized to the amount of thousands of dollars annually.

\* \* \*

Speaking of music—really—I heard the Philharmonic Orchestra for the first time, last Sunday. Under Josef Stransky this organization has won first place in the contest with the Damrosch body, in general estimation. Stransky is commonly regarded as more progressive than Damrosch, though both orchestras are compelled to take second place to Karl Muck's Boston Symphony. Last Sunday's program was not typical. The season is young, and the big things are being held back temporarily. The symphony given was Dvorak's No. 4, a pretty, light, pleasing composition, without a single thrill. So with the entire afternoon. There was a constant stream of melody, almost saccharine in quality, until one felt like rushing out and going for a ride in the subway for the sake of a few grating dissonances. With a brass choir that produces a seraphic tone, Stransky hardly called upon it for a full volume of sound until the end of the closing number, Liszt's symphonic poem, "Tasso." Hence the general effect of the concert was a little monotonous. I remembered the Los Angeles symphony concerts of last winter, and could not help feeling that Tandler throws much more spirited personality into his work than does Stransky. Still, with a program of this nature, it would be unfair to judge. There will be enough of the ultra moderns later that, doubtless, one will wish for a repetition of a few of these sweeter strains.

\* \* \*

It is difficult to imagine an actor or theatrical manager reading George Jean Nathan's "Another Book on the Theater," published by B. W. Huebsch. They know him too well. They try not to think about him at all, but when they cannot escape so doing they think by an affinity of emotion of mosquitoes, hives, cold in the head, chilblains, dandruff, one-night stands, laundry bills, dull razors, old age and all the other ills to which flesh is heir. But, notwithstanding the difficulty, let us imagine one of these persons reading this book, having procured it from a circulating library so as to avoid contributing to Nathan's royalties. He glances through the pages, performing mental handstands in an endeavor to understand just what Nathan means, but sensing in a general way that it is all derogatory to himself and his work. Finally, he flings the book aside with his best stage gesture, and remarks:

"There you are! That's life! Frohman and Klein go down with the Lusitania, and this fellow lives."

If Nathan, instead of the men mentioned, had been on the Lusitania, the aftermath of the affair would have been vastly complicated, for it is fair to assume that a suitably engrossed vote of thanks, signed by 99.99 per cent of the theatrical population of America, would have been forwarded to the Kaiser. Every month, in his Smart Set pillory, Nathan has been vivisectioning plays, players and managers, with uncanny knowledge as to the tenderest portions of their various anatomies, he has been lacerating what they regard as their most sacred feelings; and now, not satisfied with this ravishment, he has found a publisher for a collection of his most diabolical thrusts and put them into permanent form. The magnificent recklessness of the man is shown in the fact that he still appears nightly in the theater district, with neither chain armor nor body guard. You feel sorry for him, too, in a way, since, finding so little to praise in the New York theaters, it must be exquisite torture for him to be forced almost every night to sit through the performances he lampoons.

But if Nathan is incisive in his remarks about the theater, he is brutal in his views of audiences. He does not find half the fault with the writer, producer and player, that he does with the stupidity of the people whose money makes profitable the operations of those individuals, and causes them to be continued indefinitely. The audience, however, does not take it to heart, for, naturally, the criticism in this direction does not focus, and the person at whom it is aimed will read, be amused, and understand perfectly how well it applies to the attitude of all his friends; for the actor, et al, there is no such escape. For example, no theatergoer will take unto himself this allusion: "When that day comes when our theater will draw again its audiences from the ladies and gentlemen of the commonwealth, instead of as at present from the cerebral and social clowns of stuccoed grillrooms, Dances de This and That and similar rendezvous of the metropolitan social fractions, etc." Yet this is the serious essence of the book, if anything so delightfully casual can be said to have serious purport. Obviously, that the banalities exposed by Nathan do exist, year after year, can be due less to the lack of intelligence of the purveyor than to that of the consumer.

Primarily, however, the book is amusing. Nathan is an adept at twisting language into unexpected turns. It is not classic criticism, and hence its title, "Another Book on the Theater," is sentimentally exact. It abounds in categorical satire. Nathan finds that a first night audience reminds him of certain classes of individuals, and proceeds to catalogue a typical first night audience, by numbers, with grotesque results. He compiles a list of the things that always "go" in vaudeville. He makes a schedule of the means used by players to

express various emotions. This is why the actors hate him—he knows all their tricks. It is not always fair, but it is always entertaining, which means that Nathan has done what he set out to do. Nearly sixty subjects are named in the table of contents, and in the handling of each of them there is the same diablerie. After the ponderous, though sometimes learned writings upon dramatic subjects that have emanated in recent years from Richard Burton, Clayton Hamilton, William Archer, William Winter, and countless others, it is a relief to turn to this Peck's Bad Boy of dramatic criticism, and we find, on this occasion, no reason to revise the remark previously made in The Graphic, and quoted on the paper wrapper of the volume, that George Jean Nathan is "one of the best of the few American satirists."

New York, November 22, 1915.

## WELLS' "RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT"

TWENTY years ago a young Englishman began writing stories cleverly combining Socialism with the Verneque; later, he turned to the more mundane field of ordinary middle-class life and many readers sighed for the thrills of the first phase. A year ago he published a novel which was hailed by serious critics as the work of genius, and now the mature H. G. Wells writes a book which will probably take its place among the great pieces of literature of all time. One of the most terrible years in the history of the world elapsed between the writing of "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman" and "The Research Magnificent" and it is to be expected that great changes should be wrought in the view-point of a man of Wells' intensely active mentality by this period of war. But one is not prepared for the extent of change. It is startling to find the author of "New Worlds for Old" dismissing Socialism as a "mere eloquent gesture," to have the leading character declare "I hate this modern democracy," to discover that, in Wells' opinion, both have failed and should be thrown into the trash-heap of things tried and found wanting, along with absolute monarchy.

Socialism, democracy, all modern attempts to reform government have proved their futility in their failure to silence the guns of militarism and this most modern of Englishmen turns for his hope and inspiration for the future to the "Republic" of Plato. The aristocrat "guardian," the Greek philosopher chose to call him, must feel his own unconquerable kingship, must deny the "king upon the stamps and the flag upon the wall" that the world may attain the "Republic of Mankind."

"The story of William Porphyry Benham," Mr. Wells begins, "is the story of a man who was led into adventure by an idea. It was an idea that took possession of his imagination quite early in life; it grew upon him and changed with him, it interwove at last completely with his being. His story is its story. It was traceably germinating in the schoolboy; it was manifestly present in his mind at the last moment of his adventurous life. He belonged to that fortunate minority who are independent of daily necessities, so that he was free to go about the world under its direction. It led him far. It led him into situations that bordered upon the fantastic, it made him ridiculous, it came near to making him sublime. And this idea of his was of such a nature that in several aspects he could document it. Its logic forced him to introspection and to the making of a record."

Benham's idea was that of inherent, unconquerable kingship, his quest the seeking after the way to live the really aristocratic life—a true "Research Magnificent." Introspection led him to consider the limitations which interfered with the manifestation of this kingship; his record showed his attempts to do away with or overcome his own personal failings. First in the list of his limitations comes fear, for Benham was born a coward. He was afraid of dogs, of horses, of the dark, of countless real and imagined terrors. At first he thought fear could be abolished altogether and the query "Am I afraid?" would cause him to do the most absurd things. He was convinced that "it is better to get killed than go away defeated by such fears." But as he grew older, he came to see that "every one feels fear, and your true aristocrat is not one who has eliminated, but one who controls or ignores it." So, one night, he saunters, unarmed, into an Indian jungle, encounters a tiger with equanimity and returns unharmed to his camp. He has learned to control his fear.

"Sex" was the next limitation in Benham's original classification but he came later to divide this into two, "Desire" and "Jealousy." In his research, Benham travels over the earth and returns to England to find his wife unfaithful to him. Then he writes, "An aristocrat cannot be a lover. One cannot serve at once the intricacies of the wider issues of life and the intricacies of another human being. I do not mean that one may not love. One loves the more because one does not concentrate one's love. One loves nations, the people passing in the street, beasts hurt by the wayside, troubled scoundrels and university dons in tears. But if one does not give one's whole love and life into a woman's hands I do not think one can expect to be loved. An aristocrat must do without close personal love." So by doing away with desire, Benham also does away with that associated limitation, jealousy.

Last in this aristocrat's list of limitations is "Prejudice," and under this head he grouped all manner of conflicts, suspicions and hostilities. Family, national, race, war, class, professional, sex—all received his attention, and in the search for the reasons for these prejudices, he continued his world-wanderings, going, a new Haroun Al Raschid, to the uttermost corners of the earth to investigate and study. In Russia, he struck at the root of the Jewish question; in South Africa, he sought the reason for class prejudice. But Benham only came near to being sublime; this was his final limitation. Anger, or rather impatience, was the limitation which he did not classify and which was responsible in the end for his death. In Johannesburg, impatience bade him rush out into the street between strikers and the military and a shot from a trooper put an end to his research.

There is nothing of the Nietzschean superman about Wells' creation. Benham is ruthless in his dealings with



his mother and wife, but it is because he loves humanity in general more than human beings in particular. His dealings with mankind at large have nothing of ruthlessness in them. There is no demand for the extermination of the unfit; rather, the unfit are to be given the helping hand and raised until they are the equals of the better qualified. Benham is hopeful for the ultimate improvement of all mankind, but he grows impatient at the slow process of evolution and so rushes out to meet his death.

There is little story and no plot in "The Research Magnificent." As the author says, the story of the idea is the story of Benham's life. But Wells has attained that sureness and delicacy of touch which make the story of this embodied idea gripping and vivid, even thrilling. There is a keen sense of humor which is not allowed to overmaster the conception, a skill at phrasing which makes characters and incidents lifelike, an Ibsenesque ability to carry events through ruthlessly to their ultimate conclusion. Mr. Wells shows himself in "The Research Magnificent" the most commanding figure in the contemporary world of letters. ("The Research Magnificent," by H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Co. Bullock's.)

#### GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

As the close of the Exposition draws near, the people of San Francisco are evidently determined to make the most of their final opportunities to enjoy it to the full. Last week's attendance averaged one of the best in the history of the Fair, closing with more than 110,000 admissions Saturday, while this week opened with a similar total despite threatening weather. For the first two weeks of the month the earnings were in excess of \$250,000. This has been a welcome surprise to the directors as the eastern influx of visitors had ceased and success mainly depended on the support of the home folks. Of the seventeen million people who had passed the gates up to the middle of last week, the railroad officials do not account for more than a million and a half from the East, which demonstrates how enthusiastically the Exposition has been supported by the people of California.

Los Angeles had another day of its own at the Exposition Saturday, and Mayor Sebastian who was one of the orators of the celebration accounted for two thousand visitors from the southern metropolis. The boost spirit reverberated through the Court of the Universe where the exercises were held. "Jealousy and rivalry between Los Angeles and San Francisco should never exist," declared Mayor Rolph in a speech of welcome. "Let us boost together. We are both destined to become great commercial centers. Let the combination be known as the Los Angeles-San Francisco Company." General F. C. Prescott and Marshall Stimson also made felicitous responses.

Many of the Southern California visitors remained till Tuesday to participate in "San Diego 1916 Day" when San Francisco once more registered its goodwill toward the San Diego Exposition and President G. A. Davidson was the guest of honor. Davidson and John F. Howard, secretary of the Panama-California Exposition, have been busy here this week interviewing foreign exhibitors, a number of whom intend to transfer their exhibits to San Diego.

General Harrison Gray Otis was one of the distinguished visitors from the south, although not a member of the Los Angeles Examiner's excursion. The American Federation of Labor was holding the last of its two weeks' sessions, but the city proved large enough for the General and Samuel Gompers to give each other a wide berth.

Congressman Julius Kahn will return to Washington prepared to make a strenuous campaign for the preservation of the Palace of Fine Arts on the Presidio site. He is armed with a joint resolution to be introduced at the coming session of congress which he is confident will guarantee the preservation of the building on its present site until January 1, 1917. There seems to be no good reason why the California building should not be retained since it stands on municipal property. The proposal that it should be converted into a state normal school is both popular and feasible.

Dr. Stephen S. Wise, the eloquent rabbi of the Free Synagogue of New York, made an earnest plea for the relief of starving Jews in Palestine before 4,000 members of his faith last Sunday. Within a few minutes after his address the sum of \$21,500 had been subscribed. "Israel," declared Rabbi Wise, "stands in the most critical epoch in Jewish history. Either we are going to save ourselves or we shall be eternally doomed. We must be the masters of our own fates. No power outside Israel can save Israel." During his visit Dr. Wise also addressed the Commonwealth Club when he denounced the doctrine of "preparedness," declaring that if the United States lapses into military preparations it will surely bring us into war upon war.

San Francisco women are maintaining a superior record for regularity in attendance at the polls, figures recently given out by Registrar Zemansky demonstrating that they are more jealous of their civic rights than men. Of 66,000 women who had registered cast their ballots. Such figures are always interesting so long as the stock argument is made that women won't exercise the franchise after they have it.

Turkey and chestnuts figured among the heaviest shipments received at the local Wells Fargo offices for several days before Thanksgiving. The Imperial Valley bird was especially popular, 160,000 pounds of him being received by the express company within a few days. Two carloads of chestnuts which had deteriorated in transit had to be sacrificed.

With the retirement of Major General William H. Carter, the last veteran of the Civil War passes from the active list of the army. Carter was only twelve

years old when he entered the army from Tennessee and was made a mounted messenger under General Thomas with the army of the Cumberland. Four years later he entered West Point. In the Indian wars of the Southwest he won a medal for valor, and was given notable advancement in the Spanish-American war. His last command was that of the department of Hawaii, and his forty-three years of active service ended with his sixty-fifth birthday a few years ago.

Henry T. Scott is the chairman of the San Francisco Convention League Citizens' Committee, and the movement to secure one or both of next year's national political conventions has started with characteristic zip. The first thing to do is to raise \$100,000 as a guarantee to satisfy the Republican National Committee, and evidently this sum will be raised easily enough within a few days. The Retail Dry Goods Association started the ball rolling with a subscription of \$2,500. Not less than thirty-six sub-committees have been appointed to solicit subscriptions.

Indulgence in profane language over the telephone is to be made expensive hereabouts. A man foolish enough to lose his temper over the wire the other day was fined \$50 by a police judge with the option of 25 days in the county jail.

San Francisco, Nov. 24.

R. H. C.

#### GRAPHITES

Where would the children "be at" if the father were a citizen of one country and the mother a citizen of another? Unless Mrs. Mackenzie is able to deny the possibility, in her individual case, of "the almost inevitable consequences" of matrimony she is certainly placing herself in an absurd position in attempting to retain her American citizenship. She can hardly expect the whole civilized world to return, for her benefit, to the customs and habits of certain barbarous tribes by whom descent was recognized only on the mother's side. Regardless of individual desires, laws have to fit the usual, not exceptional conditions.

Within the last two years there has been a noticeable increase of tobacco advertisements. Magazines which boast of the refusal of all liquor or other undesirable "ads" have contained special fancy inset pages lauding certain brands of cigarettes. Billboards display the charms of various smoking tobaccos. One doesn't need to go to a crank to learn the intimate relations of alcohol and tobacco. Any thinking man who smokes or drinks will tell you that indulgence in either almost invariably creates a desire for the other. Not consciously or intentionally, but, nevertheless, actually, this tobacco advertising is a reflex action of the world-wide prohibition campaign. One of the million phases of the negative, reactionary side of the eternal struggle which has brought man up from savagery and will unquestionably carry him more than equally beyond.

#### Genuine Debating Contest, This

President John Willis Baer of Occidental has hit on a new method of encouraging debating among high school pupils of Southern California that will afford aspiring youths opportunity of winning two-year scholarships in the institution he directs. Occidental has offered two scholarships, to be awarded at a contest to be held next spring. I am interested in the manner of selection which is announced. All the high schools of the south have been invited to send two debaters. Upon a subject carefully selected these young people will debate but that method of committing to memory arguments largely supplied by their instructors, as is too often the case, is to be avoided by having the contestants draw, on the morning of the debates, for the side they will support. The winners in the first debates will take the opposite sides in the second contest and in the final one, between the four best selected in the elimination trials, will again draw for their sides of the question. All the contests are to be held on the same day, with debates morning, afternoon and evening. It promises to be an unusually interesting event.

#### He Knows His Clientele

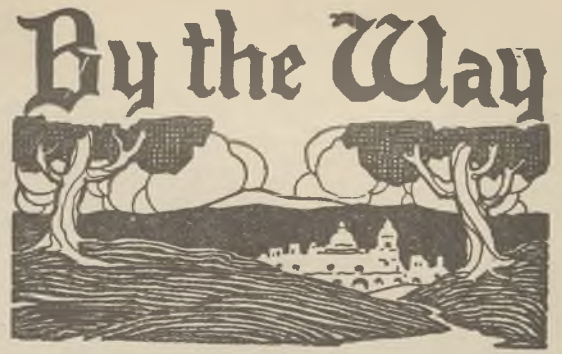
In this city there are scores of high-salaried window trimmers who draw lavishly upon their employers' bank balances for the materials with which to attract attention to their displays, yet I doubt if one of them succeeds so well as does the unsung genius of a Main street lunch room who daily blockades the street in front of his establishment—and all at the expense of three cents a day. His simple expedient is to paste in his window the front pages of the noon editions of the three local afternoon papers. Of course, such an attraction might not have the same drawing power on Broadway, where pennies are not so scarce as on Main street, but if genius is a capacity for knowing what the public wants, as is suspected in many quarters, then this man is of full stature in that classification.

#### Another Pebble on the Beach

From friends who were at Del Monte last week I learn that David Blankenhorn of Pasadena is negotiating for a home at Pebble Beach Lodge. The vicinity of Del Monte seems to hold an especial appeal for Pasadena, a dozen or more of them having summer homes in that vicinity. David says he has been looking for years for his ideal spot and that he has finally found it. But how is the Pasadena realty market to worry along without him, even for short periods? There are still several gum magnates in the country who have not yet purchased homes there.

#### Society in Dire Way

Society seems to be dying off in Southern California. The Social Register of this section chronicles the deaths this year of 15 women and 31 men, as against the deaths the year before of 12 women and 16 men. And among the elect of the Social Register there is a black prospect for the future, since marriages this year were but 66 as compared with 71 in the previous year. Plainly, recruiting must be resorted to, or if that fails conscription may be adopted.



#### Medieval Days Recalled

Beauty in distress always appeals to me. I expect that at one time in my previous existences I was a Round Table knight or Arthurian optimist in armor, wandering through forests with an ear alert for screams of frightened damsels to whose relief I would promptly hie. On the Zone at the San Francisco Exposition recently I met up with an adventure that recalls my Camelot days. I had walked to the end of the Zone and, the electric lights having been touched off, I headed back to the Inside Inn for a late dinner. One of the low-brow "fidget" auto cars "tooted" behind me, which suggested that I relieve my aching feet. For a block I had the train all to myself and then a frustrated young person—O, so comely and sweet looking—hailed the motorman who stopped his caravan. She stepped on with a frightened little gasp and dropped into a seat adjoining me.

"O, what time is it?" was her pitiful query. "Twenty-five minutes of eight," I responded, throwing much solicitude into my voice.

"O, dear!" she wailed, "my train for Santa Barbara leaves at 8 o'clock; I have my Pullman ticket and I must make it."

"What, Third and Townsend?" was my incredulous comment.

"Yes," she mourned, turning her large brown eyes on me. "Do you think I can get there in time?"

My judgment dictated no, but why discourage so much feminine loveliness by so brutal a rejoinder, I reflected. So aloud I replied, cheerfully, "Well, it's worth trying, and as I have nothing to do for an hour, suppose you let me help you make the effort?"

She was grateful without any fuss. A well-bred, sensible young woman, I mentally decided, who accepts the offer in the spirit it is made. I'll follow this adventure through to a finish.

Slipping the motorman a quarter I prevailed on him to accelerate the pace. We had a block to run from the "fidget" auto-car terminal to the Inn. My fair unknown had paid her bill and stored her handbag and outer wrap in the check room. I darted for the corner, secured the articles and in a jiffy rejoined my perturbed companion. It was 7:40. Twenty minutes to dash from the Exposition, cross the city and get to the Southern Pacific station. Pretending that my automobile was just outside the gate and would she wait while I went to locate it, I hurried through the turnstile, found a chauffeur without a fare and with him quickly struck a bargain; he promised to make the effort of his life regardless of speed ordinances.

I handed the palpitating young traveler into the tonneau, "Put on the hard pedal, William," I admonished, as I wrapped a rug about the slender figure at my side, and "Aye, aye, sir," he responded.

"How came you to be so late starting?" I inquired, gently, as we flew along Van Ness avenue.

"I was helping a poor old lady who was all alone and I utterly forgot the flight of time," she confessed, with a nervous little laugh. "Dear, dear! wasn't I foolish to linger so? Do you suppose we can make it?"

I looked at my watch. The hands were at 7:50. "Yes," I bluffed, "I believe John will get there. He is an excellent driver."

She looked so grateful. "Do you live at Santa Barbara?" I ventured.

"No; I have been visiting there; my home is in Chicago—that is, in Evanston."

What a coincidence, I thought. (My home used to be in Evanston before I came to California.) I said as much. We were on a safer footing. Evanstonians are the properest persons on God's green footstool.

There was a jam at Market street, but I called to George to slip through and he did in fine style. Down Third street we went lickety-split. At Townsend I jumped out and grabbed the leather bag and her cloak. She tripped quickly after. The big clock in the waiting room showed 7:57.

"Oceans of time," I flippantly observed, whereat she fairly beamed. "What a remarkably sweet smile," I commended.

At the barrier, the ticket taker halted my hurrying footsteps. "Sorry, no admittance!" he explained.

"Good bye," I called to beauty no longer in distress, as she stood inside the gate holding her travel impedimenta, "a pleasant journey home!"

She waved back—was it a kiss? I cannot say. What was her name? I didn't ask, nor did she seek mine. There wasn't time; besides, it would have spoiled the adventure.

#### Playing it "Low Down"

Obtaining land ostensibly for a mythical country club, when its real use is to be as a sewer farm is a reprehensible action which if it was committed should forever damn a man politically in his own community, even though he thought he was acting in the interest of his constituents. The proposal to place the new Pasadena-Alhambra-South Pasadena sewer farm within a mile of the fashionable Midwick Country Club and no greater distance from the rapidly growing Ramona district should be squelched by the board of supervisors. I am glad to see that all parties that would be affected by the location of the sewer reduction plant of the three cities in the place proposed have rallied together to oppose it. The Monterey Land Company,



seller of the land in question, does not seem to be any more in favor of the project than neighboring owners like the Midwick Club and the Ramona Convent. The company officials have, I understand, issued an affidavit setting forth that one of the trustees of South Pasadena obtained the land upon the representation that it was for the purpose of establishing another country club. I venture to suggest that had it been the Annandale instead of the Midwick Club that was to be affected, the commissioners of Pasadena would not have been so willing to accept the site. Unfortunately, most of the Pasadena Midwick members belong to a faction which of late has had little influence over municipal affairs in the Crown City. The whole matter is to come up before the supervisors for hearing December 6, but I predict that if the board's decision is in favor of granting the cities the permission they request to use the land for sewer purposes the courts will be the final scene of conflict.

#### Is Pasadena Getting Frisky?

My prediction that the Hotel Green would this winter forsake its traditional attitude of conservative abhorrence for anything socially startling is about to be carried into effect. Behold you, back-to-nature dances are to be staged in the beautiful hotel grounds! Let me hasten to assure anxious readers that the performers will not be Pasadena society buds, but professionals, whose performances are to be made a feature of most of the social gatherings at the hotel this winter. The young woman who appear are to dare California fogs in their bare feet. I am inclined to credit this yarn, although it will not be the first time that barefoot Pasadena dancers have been made the object of newspaper exploitation. It will be remembered that an enterprising correspondent of the Examiner once organized what I believe he called the "Pasadena Pansy Club," the members of which indulged in many surprising escapades, one of which was dancing barefooted on the lawns of fine homes. If I am not mistaken it was a hint from the Pasadena Board of Trade to the management of the Examiner which caused the correspondent to disband his mythical "Pansy Club." Will the Board of Trade raise an objection to the Green's plans, I wonder?

#### Colossal Task for Lee Gates

Lee Gates' long and faithful labors in the Progressive vineyard are about to be rewarded, I hear, by his appointment to Governor Johnson's new state tax commission. If political appointments always are to be awarded for political work, certainly no more deserving Progressive can be found than Lee Gates. He was one of the organizers of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, the parent of the present Johnson party in this state. I have suggested to Lee that his commission can assure itself, and the party that created it, immense popularity if it will find a way to abolish taxes, or even to reduce them, a view with which I am sure he agrees.

#### Heney Gives Due Warning

San Francisco is busy settling the southern senatorship and our fellow townsman, Francis J. Heney, is assisting in the discussion by declaring, on a northern visit, that he will not be a candidate. Pressed for a reason Heney is reported by The Knave to have answered "No Money." This would seem to indicate that the plump checkbook of Congressman Kent is not to be behind Mr. Heney for a second "go." Indeed, there are well authenticated rumors that despite the fact that the office is regarded as rightfully belonging to the south, Kent himself aspires to it. A local political weekly already has announced his candidacy, but upon what authority is not disclosed. It declares Hiram Johnson and Gavin McNab will be his backers. But Heney has another idea. He thinks former lieutenant governor A. J. Wallace is being groomed by Earl to make the race, probably as a stalking horse for the governor himself, should Johnson not succeed in landing a vice-presidential nomination with any party. Heney issues a warning to his former Progressive chieftain by saying "Johnson referred to me by innuendo, did he? Well, when I get on the stump in the next campaign, it won't be innuendo that I'll indulge in." The diverting Francis admits a mental reservation in his announcement that he will not again seek the toga.

#### Mixed But Well Meaning Publicity

Polo is a great game for developing speed in horses, I have always heard, but Cincinnati seems to produce a breed which surpasses anything in the line of active horse flesh ever before known. One day last week the ponies of Julius and Max Fleischmann of the Ohio city arrived at Coronado. The next day the same ponies arrived at Riverside, according to published reports. For several days they continued to arrive at one or the other of these resorts, but I am delighted that the rivals have reached a compromise. As nearly as I can gather from the confused information at hand the ponies of Julius Fleischmann are now at Coronado and those of Max Fleischmann are at Riverside. That is a happy solution, until Max, in Coronado, wants to ride the animals which are at Riverside, while Julius, at Riverside, desires to mount a pony which is at Coronado. For the Fleischmanns have been as freely distributed about the California landscape as have their polo ponies. Publicity is doing much for this grand sport.

#### Sacred to Soda Water

This may seem like a free advertisement but I desire to commend the sagacity, as well as the artistic judgment, shown by the proprietor of a coast firm of confectioners in purchasing real art to place before his customers. What a delightful contrast to the poorly executed panels which grace several of the most expensive places of the kind in the city, will be the display of representative paintings of famous artists, if they have been selected with as much care as dispatches from the north indicate. The best part of the northern story is that the thirty-thousand dollars' worth of paintings purchased from the fine arts gal-

lery of the San Francisco exposition are destined to hang in a handsome Los Angeles sanctuary to soda-water, on South Broadway. The head of the concern had the advice of John E. D. Trask, chief of the department of fine arts at the fair, in making his selections, which would seem to guarantee that they were wisely chosen. Chase, Tarbell and Melchers are among the noted artists who are represented in the collection.

#### Willard Wright Has Reformed

Satire for satire's sake has lost its chief disciple. There will never be another "Los Angeles, the Chemically Pure." Willard Huntington Wright has become serious. I do not expect Los Angeles, the object of his scorn, to believe this of its former pride, but I have the information direct from a friend who recently saw Willard in New York City. Success seems to have steadied the formerly light and airy pen. Wright's book, "Modern Painting," has been hailed by conservative papers like the Nation as the first comprehensive work of the kind ever done by an American and soon there is to be issued, I hear, his new novel, "A Man of Promise, in which the author allows his Nietzscheism to run riot in seeking to prove that so far from being helped by woman—mother, sweetheart, mistress or wife—the creative genius always is hampered by her. My correspondent tells me Willard "has several other books in course of preparation and is working hard, every day. He is not dissipating and has a beautiful place, the location of which he does not permit to be generally known, as he is concentrating on his work. And he is the happiest creature I have seen for years. He will never write another humorous line, excepting as an incidental, certainly



Willard Huntington Wright

not for the mere sake of satire as in the past." Willard bobbed up in Los Angeles, seven or eight years ago, an unknown but exceeding cocksure young man who entertained no doubt that he would achieve the fame that now seems to be his. For a while he did book reviews for the Times that were more notable for their personal ego than for their merit as reviews. His Nietzschean attitude toward women was pronounced, even at that time. He entertained an ambition to become the great American satirist, but seems to have found himself at last and, doubtless, entertains as amused an opinion of his earlier efforts as did many older persons in the days when he used humor to direct the universe. Don't let it be inferred that he has parted with his inclination to guide the conduct of human affairs. My friend aptly says, "You would not know Wright, mentally or physically, except for his positiveness." The brilliant young man attracted the attention of the owner of Smart Set and departed from Los Angeles to take the editorship of that lively periodical, a position he held but a few months, again to disappear from general sight until his "Modern Painting" brought him back to prominence. Plainly, he had not been wasting his time in obscurity. This picture which I reproduce shows an entirely changed Willard Wright from the one we were wont to know.

#### "H. H." Reception Notable Affair

Monday a fitting tribute was paid to the memory of the writer to whom California owes much, when "Helen Hunt Jackson Memorial Day" was held at the Exposition Park museum. It was a notable gathering of the lovers of the story of early California and they met a living link between the present and the days when Helen Hunt first learned to love this state, inasmuch as Donna Coronel, hostess to the writer whenever the latter visited this city, was in attendance. It was in the old home of Don Antonio Coronel at the corner of Seventh and Alameda streets that Helen Hunt in 1882 wrote a large portion of her masterpiece, "Ramona." To Miss Anna Picher of Pasadena must go much of the credit for the idea of holding the reception. She had an able assistant in putting it into effect in Miss Virginia Calhoun. It will be remembered that Miss Calhoun was the producer of the dramatic version of "Ramona," California's first historical play, presented ten or more years ago. Nearly eight hundred persons enjoyed the delightful affair.

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# Pencil Drawing Studies by Herman Amlauer



STUDY IN COMPOSITION

By Beatrice de Lack Krombach

THERE are perhaps a dozen or more artists who wield the pencil as the medium for art expression. Herman Amlauer is one of these. His personality and strength are most evident in the admirable handling of color quality he gives his work. Portraits and motifs are his conceptions. Each he treats in a poetic mood. In his line there is a velvety softness which shows to advantage the vast possibilities of their charm. He is master of several other mediums, for he works in oil, pastel and chalk.

Mr. Amlauer is a sincere and well equipped artist, with a happy versatility in his manner of interpretation. A New York boy, born and bred there, he came up from the most trying circumstances. His greatest sport, as a youngster, was to caricature his instructors, and only their fine sense of humor, and his good drawing saved the day. Numberless schools were the source of his learning. No sooner was he acquainted with conditions than they were ready to pass him on for less trying pupils. Despite these early tendencies however, it is only because of his manly fight that he has even had his chance.

Parental encouragement was denied him as there were mouths to feed and the daily needs had to be met. Accepting employment of whatever character offered he managed to put by sufficient to pay his entrance fee to the school at the National Academy of Design, earning his livelihood after hours by producing commercial art. In that atmosphere he began to look on things with a sense of the pictorial. He was then 18 years of age, that enchanting period when all clouds still have the rose-colored lining. His talent was given free rein and spurred on by the enthusiasm of his co-students his boyhood ambitions developed. So capable was he that his stay in the beginning class, the antique, was but for a few weeks. Three months in the life class gained him the award of first prize, an honor won over students of several years who are now world famous. The next two years he applied to the study of painting under Francis Jones, Edgar M. Ward and Emil Carlsen and showed much promise. He was greatly encour-

aged by his instructors who appreciated his keen sense of the interpretive in portraiture.

This information occasioned my question: "What interests you most in portraiture?" The artist replied: "Facial lines, personalities and the character to be found in various environments. I find my strongest appeal in the charm of the youthful line; the dignity of age also pleases me. It is the particular phase of each form of life that engages my sincerest interest. My earnest endeavor is to be a disciple of Rembrandt, for in his delineations he always presented, below the surface, more than the merely superficial. I do not like portraits which represent mere prettiness. So interested am I in the study of personality that it is not uncommon for me to lose the trend of the conversation when I begin studying the character of a particular face."

Several excellent studies are those Mr. Amlauer has made of children. He likes the charm of their innocence and their delicacy of line. Here his poetic mood may have full swing, and he is loth to overlook the value of single line or plane. Feminine personalities also find delicate rendering at his hand. Discriminating critics have spoken of this quality, for each subject distinctly typifies a state of personality, and the treatment in every instance has grown from the individuality of the theme. Bound by no professional limitations or preconceptions, he approaches his task in a free and easy manner. Such work cannot help but reveal a subtlety of spontaneity which makes for excellent likeness quality. He is a detailist, insofar as planes are heeded to tell his story, but the general effect is rather suggested. In each instance the impression gained is one of convincing reality.

Perhaps, his success is due to the fact that Mr. Amlauer has devoted an incredible amount of time to the development of his art. Much of this knowledge had to be self-acquired, for after those first years things went sadly against him. First, his severe illness from which he has just recovered. His coming to California was in search of health, and as he has found it here it is his ambition to do his best work. Since his arrival he has been called upon to

execute many portraits. Among these are two reproduced in these pages. That of Mrs. Seward Simons suggests strongly her personality, but over and above the outward semblance of the sitter he has also captured the elusive essentials which radiate the psychology of her brilliant mind, for well we know how clever is the chief executive of the Friday Morning Club. It must be of interest to her to have rediscovered her own image herein. Each beholder must surely recognize its innate charm.

Motif for our second illustration came to the artist from his desire to present his sitter as we, and she herself, would gaze at her image. In its pensive delineation there is a fine mood sense and the lines of drawing are well studied. Each value is effectively studied, yet there is no attempt to force a too direct technic. It is this latter which gives his work its subtlety. He regards his subject with the eye of the painter, that is to say, he sees in masses, in tones, and the juxtapositions tones in pigment expression are apt to take. Each stroke while it is definite, blends so that there are no limiting lines. It certainly has plenty of atmosphere, light and air quality, and as a type is luminous by virtue of its radiance. Other portraits are those of Mrs. O. P. Clark, Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brunton and Mr. Raymond Gould. Later, Mr. Amlauer hopes to have an exhibition at the Friday Morning clubhouse when an extensive showing of his work in various mediums will be displayed.

\* \* \*

Have you ever dreamed of visiting the Isle of Delight? I had, but I had not known that my great desire would ever be granted. But it is said "all things come to him who waits," and so I waited. Your isle may be one place and mine another, but the locale is not the definite thing—it is what we find there that gives it distinction. In my case it was the peninsula of Monterey, Del Monte, Carmel and Pebble Beach. You may contradict me and say, as so many do, it is the Isle of Sadness because of those wonderful cypresses, but to me it will ever remain one of the choice pictures of nature viewed in a lifetime. First I visited that splendid gallery at



MRS. SEWARD A. SIMONS

the Del Monte Hotel where I found a choice array of canvases, many of them the work of our local painters. These I shall present in a more definite setting in the near future. I was then taken by Detlef Sammann, in the escort of the charming Miss Josephine Blanch, curator of the gallery, to his studio at Pebble Beach. To reach it we drove over that fine 17-mile ocean road, than which there are few better. It was the sunset hour and motifs for canvases were in the sky, and on land and sea, and we three reveled in seeking them out. Where is there another such rock strewn coast in the world? And those sand dunes; How exquisite, too, though one experiences in the picturesquely twisted, gnarled trees an awed feeling in the presence of those giant sentinels, the survivors of so many ages! At Mr. Sammann's studio I saw them in many images and who has so well interpreted their majesty and grandeur, despite their weirdness? This artist is coming into his own in that wonderful country, and well he may for Wald-Eck has a most inspiring locale. Later, I will also show some of his canvases and tell you more about him.

\* \* \*

I sit here writing under the shadow of that marvelous Tower of Jewels at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. I have concluded my first day's sight-seeing. I have an impression of delicacy in the tone sense which is enchanting. It is like an old garden which has rosemary for remembrance, rue for development, marjoram for soothing peace and marigold and sweet lavender that there may be scent and precious memories. The remembrance is in the dignified lines of architecture which bring down to our day the grandeur of yesterdays; the development, man's move onward, his finer cultivation which has demanded such individual recording as is this exposition; the soothing peace which is everywhere and is its prevailing note, and the scent and precious memories will be the after-math thoughts which, viewing it, will ever cause to linger in memory. Yet how dignified is the ensemble, and how magnificent! Our impulsive spirit is interpreted, but it is as a sane, balanced, logical conception, plus the inspiration



of a finer vision, the growth of this modern age. There is consistency and the simplicity of the beautiful everywhere.

At night, bathed in radiance of many tonings, with shimmering amulets enriched with the dew of the ariel, it is par excellence. One stands in awe and marvels that human touch can mould into being so many wonderful things. The noises of the flowing streams, the belching vapors rising in colored moods, the swishing waters of the lagoons—had Greece anything finer than this? In fact, it is of Greece I think most here. Is it not the colors she first made famous that are here interpreted? Are not her valiant Hercules' the models on which are built the giant forms in marble and plaster? Michaelangelo rise again and see thy thought re-crowned! There is, too, the delicacy and aroma and incense for which the Greeks were famous, I scent it.

In the maze of palaces I have traversed little space, but what I have seen has interested me, for the sincerity of motif is pronounced in all instances. There appears to be a horn of plenty and no matter how extravagant the demand the supply can always meet the needs. My ultimate goal was, naturally, the Fine Arts section. In this labyrinth I stood, bewildered to know in which direction to wander. I found the walls fearfully crowded in hanging. Not in any particular gallery, but everywhere, and yet I am told that thousands of exhibits were rejected. In fact, this condition prevails everywhere. How I am ever going to segregate a sufficient number to talk coherently of them is a problem, but then there is always tomorrow! Briefly, I shall have to look at 4556 objects in the United States section; 442 in the Chinese; 36 in the Philippine; 440 in the Swedish; 155 in the Portuguese; 75 in Argentine; 188 in Holland; 1179 in the International and 352 in the Norwegian. In the general survey I find the tout ensemble interesting, but the lapses in good judgment in hanging bother me much.

\* \* \*

In my wanderings I came upon the A. Falvy Antique Shop on Sutter street. Old masters of the fifteenth century are there in abundance. One in particular interested me. It is of Bianca Capello, wife of Francesco de Medici, by Brouzino, the historical portrait painter who was born in Florence in 1511 and lived until 1580. He was a pupil of Pontormo, known as an imitator of Michaelangelo. His fresco in the Palazzo Vecchio Purgatory, in the church Santa Croce is much admired in Florence. Mr. Falvy has wonderful, rare brocades and his shop is the only one this side of Chicago that has so many splendid old masters. San Francisco, Nov. 24, 1915.

#### Notes from Bookland

Although Mary Johnston writes usually of the past she lives very much in the present, and on the publication day of her latest novel, "The Fortunes of Garin," a romantic story of southern France in the time of the Crusades, Miss Johnston marched up Fifth Avenue in the Suffrage parade, a spectacle as gorgeous as any old-time tournament.

"Johnny Appleseed," Eleanor Atkinson's recently-published story of "the patron saint of American orchards," has just been placed on the Pupils' Reading Circle of Indiana. This is the first state thus to honor the memory of her gentle pioneer.

"National Floodmarks," the book of Collier's editorials, is compiled by the entire editorial board of Collier's, which is made up as follows: Mark Sullivan, editor; Henry James Forman, managing editor; F. DeSales Casey, art editor; Ewing Galloway, news editor, and W. B. Blake, editorial writer.

"Trees," the title poem of Joyce Kilmer's recent volume of verse, "Trees and Other Poems," has just been translated into Spanish and published in a number of prominent South American papers.

Announcement is made that Doubleday, Page & Co., who have just brought out Kathleen Norris' new book "The Story of Julia Page," have taken over from the Macmillan Co. all of Mrs. Norris' previous books, including "Poor Dear Margaret Kirby," "The Treasure," "Saturday's Child," "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," and "Mother." In future all of Mrs. Norris' works will be published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Berton Braley is said to be the one poet in the world who is a real adventurer. He has wandered by tramp-steamer and freight-car all over the western world, from Panama to the Far North. Mr. Braley was recently made poet laureate of the Adventurer's Club

—an organization of soldiers of fortune, war-correspondents, and the like, with branches in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and a number of other cities.

Harry A. Franck has recently returned from four years of wandering adventure on foot in South America, and will now settle down to the arranging of his notes into a new volume of vagabond journeying.

George Haven Putnam, the famous publisher, declares that "I Accuse," the important war book recently published by Doran, may be the instrument in bringing the people of Germany back from their present madness. This same idea has been expressed by a number of pacifist Germans, and the book is being rapidly smuggled into Germany.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have taken over from A. C. McClurg & Co. the early work of the author of "Bambi," entitled "The Girl Who Lived in the Woods." Marjorie Benton Cooke's latest book, "The Dual Alliance," has just been published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Owen Wister's "The Pentecost of Calamity" is proving so popular that an edition a week has been necessary ever since it was published in August.

Friends of Helen S. Woodruff, who is equally popular in her native southland and in the north, will be interested to know that not one but two books in her characteristic style will be published this season—"Really Truly Fairy Stories," a book for the little ones with the same delectable sentiment in it as appeared in her "Really Truly Nature Stories." The second is "Mr. Doctor-Man," which is, as the title indicates, a jolly little fiction story. Yet behind the fiction interest there is the serious theme of proper care for children, and all her profits for the story will go to hospitals for children.

"Little Miss Grouch" is going to Australia, the American publishers, Houghton Mifflin Co., having just received a request for a large edition from a firm in Sydney.

In William Dana Orcutt's just-published novel, "The Bachelors," there are many references to the artistic side of bookmaking, a craft which is an important influence in the life of one of "the bachelors." Mr. Orcutt may be said to speak with authority on this subject as his reputation as a typographical expert is international. Pompeo Molmenti, the famous Italian historian, and one of King Victor Emanuel's privy councillors, recently sent Mr. Orcutt a set of his work, inscribed, "To one who in the New World has revived the glories of the Aldi."

Robert Frost's volume of poems, "North of Boston," has been adopted as a text for required reading in English literature by the University of Minnesota. Its publishers, Henry Holt & Co., report the book to be selling better than any novel on their list for the last month.

Houghton Mifflin Co., publishers of Dr. Hugo Munsterberg's "Psychology and Industrial Efficiency," report a re-order on the book from the London firm of Constable & Co.

This month George H. Doran Co., New York, will publish the following books: "These Twain," the completion of the Clayhanger trilogy, by Arnold Bennett; "The World's Highway," the study of American foreign policy, by Norman Angell; "The Bronze Eagle," a story of Napoleon and "the hundred days," by Baroness Orzcy; "Old Judge Priest," a new novel of the famous Kentucky real-life hero, by Irwin S. Cobb; "Through Terror to Triumph," a statement of England's present position, by David Lloyd George; "The Dreamer of Dreams," a grown-up fairy story, by the Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva); "Kings, Queens and Pawns," the observations of an American woman in the war, by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "Over There," scenes of war on the western front, by Arnold Bennett, with etchings by Walter Hale; "Between St. Dennis and St. George," an answer to Bernard Shaw and the German propaganda, by Ford Madox Hueffer; "Mr. Doctor-Man," a holiday story, by Helen S. Woodruff.

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It is an unquestionable fact that our drinking water should be absolutely pure; however, such water does not exist in nature, the nearest approach to it being rain water. The only really pure water is distilled water; that is, the water which has been converted into steam, leaving the solid ingredients behind, and reconverted into water in another cooler vessel into which the steam is made to pass.

Every natural water contains more or less vegetable and mineral impurities, bacteria, etc., because of its contact with numerous impurities on its journey from its source, flowing in open streams, through mineralized earth into filthy reservoirs, finally reaching your drinking glass through rusty pipes and oftentimes unsanitary faucets. Such water is extremely dangerous to health, and the taste is very unpleasant to those accustomed to drinking pure, distilled water. Look at the inside of your teakettle and ask yourself if it is in line with good healthful living to drink water which is heavily laden with alkali and other injurious minerals.

You say the body needs minerals; true the body does need minerals, but you get them through the food you eat, not through the water you drink. Minerals as found in water are in an inorganic form and cannot be assimilated by the body, but are thrown off as intruders, thereby contributing greatly to stomach diseases, kidney troubles, etc. Minerals in an organic state are plentiful in white bread, boiled vegetables, fruits, etc., the only shape in which they can be utilized by the human body.

Filters are one huge farce and known by those acquainted with their cunning deceitfulness as "germ incubators." In further support of the statement that distilled water is the only really pure water to drink, your attention is called to extracts from an article which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, page 53, issue of April 3, 1915:

"The officers of the American Navy have been pointed out as a remarkably healthful class by Dr. L. L. Von Wedekind, commanding the Hospital Ship Solace; and he has advanced as the explanation the fact that these officers drink distilled water when on sea duty. The health records of the navy show the officers are remarkably free from old-age or premature old-age troubles, such as hardening of the arteries.

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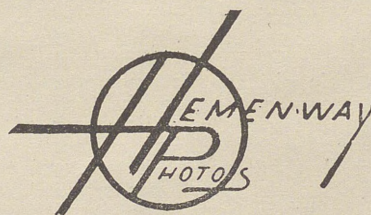
The water is also recommended by hundreds of physicians.

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Notice is hereby given that Alice Elizabeth Bailey whose post-office address is Cornell, California, did, on the 12th day of June, 1915, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 026783, to purchase the NE 1/4 NE 1/4, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, One Hundred, the stone estimated at \$60, and the land \$40; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 25th day of January, 1916, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 a. m.

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# Cheaters

VIEWED as melodrama "On Trial" at the Mason this week is a stirring play, with plot dramatic enough to thrill the backbone of the most blase theatergoer. Psychologically, the characters are not quite so satisfactory, although, in the main, they fit in well with the requirements. Only in one instance is a glaring defect to be noted and that is where the young wife, abhorring the man who deliberately betrayed her thirteen years before, again yields to him "to save her husband and child." It does not ring true. The playwright, Elmer L. Reizenstein, has sacrificed his heroine to melodramatic demands. No woman who loved her husband, as it is evident that Ada Strickland does, could possibly give herself, voluntarily, a second time, to one who had done her so profound a wrong and whom she so thoroughly despised. No matter how great the pressure, she would die rather than submit herself to his arms. In telling her story in the witness box—to help her husband who has killed her seducer—Pauline Lord feels the insincerity of this confession and visibly recedes from the uniformly high standard of art that marks her previous characterization of the wife. A blending of Maude Adams and Minnie Maddern Fiske—when the latter was simply Minnie Maddern—Miss Lord is one of the most attractive actresses I have seen on the American stage in a long time. She is an artist to her finger tips and has the charm of repression to an admirable degree. In the scene with her returned husband, when the poor little wife is futilely lying to conceal the tragedy of her encounter with his false friend, her work, never over-accented, is a joy to the discerning and stamps Miss Lord as a consummate artist. A becoming repression is also noted in the acting of Lee Baker whose Robert Strickland is a convincing characterization. Heartless and selfish to the core is the sensual Gerald, ably portrayed by Douglas J. Wood. In fact, the company is unusually well-balanced, considering the numerous characters demanded by the melodrama. As the district attorney Charles Riegel is sedately professional, never ranting, and the counsel for defendant Hal Mordaunt, is equally acceptable. If Clyde North, the secretary, could ac-

stage entertainment of that type is willingly overlooked. Indeed, this lack of plausibility is concealed by an air of verisimilitude so reasonable that it is only when an analytical consideration is given "The Master Mind," after the grip of its startling situations has been overcome, that flaws are likely to be found in its construction. It gives a happy ending—it is a popular play—but that happy ending is accomplished so naturally, without the sacrifice of the probable culmination, that it seems the only possible ending. "The Master Mind" is a "crook" play, a designation which is an injustice. It is concerned not with robbery, except incidentally. There are no detectives of marvelous intuition. The third degree is not administered to a weak woman, nor to anyone else. A young man has been sent to the electric chair by a district attorney of political



CAROLINE WHITE, AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA, AT THE ORPHEUM

quire a little of the repressive art of Miss Lord and Mr. Baker his "big scene," wherein he betrays himself, would be immensely improved. Mr. North tears passion to tatters in his paroxysms of fear. Mr. Reizenstein has scored heavily in this novel manner of presenting a play. It is the moving picture stunt transferred to the spoken drama with the scenes constantly reverting to the original action and the third act receding to a period when the mesh was first woven that was to hold for all persons concerned such tragic results. Not all of us care to go to the criminal court room for our dramatic pabulum, and as a steady diet it would pall terribly. That it is well done sugar coats the pill, but it is strong medicine, nevertheless. Little Maxine Hodges meets well the demands of the role, but the tax upon the child is excessive and is fully as wearing on the audience. Still, I repeat, as melodrama "On Trial" ranks high, even if the psychology of character drawing has been sacrificed in instances. S. T. C.

"Master Mind" at the Burbank  
Melodrama rules at the Burbank this week, but it is melodrama so fascinating that the loss of logic accompanying

ambitions. The young man's brother, known among crooks as the "Master Mind" seeks to avenge the life which the law took.

In the play the audience is allowed to watch his methods, to learn of his careful planning, of his taking a waif of a girl he knows the district attorney is interested in and educating her in order that she may be fit to be the politician's wife; of his building about her a fictitious family of thieves over whom he has power through knowledge of their past records, and finally, after he has married this girl to his enemy and then stands ready to expose the dupe the latter has been and ruin his career, of how he releases his advantage because he loves the girl too much to sacrifice her and he cannot reach her husband without dragging them both down to disgrace. A. Burt Wesner is chiefly responsible for "The Master Mind" as Los Angeles sees it. He staged the production, in the usual Burbank good taste, and in addition, he has the leading role, giving an interpretation of the astute crook who knew everything, that is the most delightful thing of its kind imaginable. Only twice is he called upon to show deep emotion and then only does he seem to fall short of real-

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PASADENA

ism, in his too pronounced use of his hands. One convulsive clasp might seem better fitted to the nerveless creature who is the "Master Mind." So well cast is the Burbank company that it is difficult to praise individuals rather than the smooth work of all. Francis Ring, as usual, is charmingly natural. Edmund Lowe, who touched the high point of his Los Angeles career in the last Burbank production, "Nearly Married," has not so fitting a role this week and therefore should be regarded as continuing his improvement, in that his work is thoroughly satisfactory. Lillian Elliott and James Corrigan are always to be depended upon and Frank Darien is equally satisfactory. It is highly meritorious melodrama and deserving of a longer run than the management announces can be given it.

### Amusing Bill at Orpheum

Just a year ago, when everybody was dancing, Billy Fogarty's burlesque of a man who thinks he can dance, which is a feature of the Orpheum bill this week, would have been the talk of the town. This year it is Fogarty's "nuttiness" which wins him the most applause. With

handsome Ethel Kirk he gives a touch of what vaudeville grew from, song and dance patter, and his admission that his act is good makes it unanimous. He is far and away the most amusing of the new turns on the Orpheum bill—but not the most artistic. There is a girl on the program who combines with nimble toes the most fascinating face that has flashed over the footlights in many a long day. She appears under the name of Muriel Worth, though rumor has it that her real cognomen is less euphonious. With a partner of almost equal dancing ability, but hardly up to her standard in looks, Muriel presents a beautifully-costumed series of dances, one of which, "The Passing of the Swan," marks her as a young woman of understanding. She changes her costumes in a pretty boudoir in sight of the audience but, unfortunately, her negro maid is of rather broad dimensions. For the remainder of the bill honors must go to the holdovers. Nellie V. Nichols' brand of humor can be heard a great many times before it loses its piquancy. Harry Beresford makes the "nunky" in "Twenty Odd Years" as pathetically laughable as on his first ap-



pearance. The Primrose Four, a male quartette, is back. It is called a "thousand pounds of harmony" and, certainly, the bulk designation is correct. The Gardiner Trio, likewise, are old friends on the Orpheum circuit. Their society dances are as gracefully executed as ever. The Flemings do statuesque poses that are not so good as their athletic stunts. Margot Francois does tumbling, while on stilts, but her partner puts too much poor clowning in her act.

#### "Detective Sparks" at the Burbank

Hattie Williams, the noted comedienne, will begin her starring engagement under the direction of Oliver Morosco in "Detective Sparks" at the Burbank next week, opening Sunday afternoon. This is the first time the star or the play has been seen in the west and no doubt both will prove great attractions. The entire Burbank company will appear in support of Miss Williams and the production will mark the reappearance of the popular Harry Duffield, after many months of absence.

#### Mission Play's Last Week Here

Lady Gregory, the charming Irish-woman who started the world-wide movement for the production of folklore on the stage, is enthusiastically spreading praise of the Mission Play, while on her lecture tour. In Portland, Oregon, last week Lady Gregory repeated what she had previously expressed in Los Angeles, that "The most noteworthy step toward an American national theater that I have found is the Mission Play at San Gabriel, California. The play is a history of California, a simple and noble work, and the players all belong to California. It is this idea of dramatizing one's own history that will make a national theater for America." Next week will be the last for the famous pageant drama in its own playhouse at San Gabriel as John Steven McGroarty, the author, announces that it will positively close December 4. Crowds are flocking to the quaint old town daily to see the play before it starts on its world tour.

#### "Pair of Sixes" Soon to be Seen

December 5 the Majestic theater will reopen, not as a motion picture house, with "A Pair of Sixes" as the attraction for the week. The play, by Edward Peple, was a great success in New York, where it provoked many laughs through its amazing complications. Its story concerns two manufacturers of a digestive pill, who are continually quarrelling as to which is the "brains" of their prosperous business and who decide to settle the dissolution of their partnership by playing a game of poker. The New York cast which will be seen here is headed by Oscar Figman and the production is under the management of H. H. Frazee.

#### Coming Attractions at Orpheum

Two unusual and totally different attractions are announced for next week at the Orpheum, on the bill opening Monday afternoon. They are Houdini, who now calls himself the "self-liberator," and Caroline White, the American prima donna. Houdini, whose fame is international, has not been here for eight years. Because of his many imitators he has discarded his old handcuff feats and does marvelous escapes from ingenious contrivances, one of which is the Chinese water torture cell. He also does the famous Hindu needle trick. Caroline White was the most popular prima donna of the Chicago and Philadelphia grand opera company and created in America the stellar roles of "The Jewels of the Madonna" and "The Secret of Suzanne." Willie Weston, called America's foremost singer of character songs, also will be here next week and other acts for the bill will be Mabelle Lewis and Pau McCarty, who are old favorites; Russell Mack and Blanche Vincent with song sketches at the piano; and the Novelty Clintons, the human grasshoppers. Muriel Worth and Lew Brice in their dainty dancing act, and the amusing Ethel Kirk and Billy Fogarty will be the holdovers. The usual fine orchestral concerts and the Pathe news views will complete the program.

#### "Galley Slave" at Miller's

Theda Bara in her latest and greatest picture, "The Galley Slave," is the photoplay announced for Miller's Theater for the week starting Monday. Miss Bara is cast as an artist's beautiful model and the drama is said to be one of thrilling power and dramatic force, written by Bartley Campbell. The star is surrounded by a galaxy of clever screen actors, including the popular Stuart Holmes, dainty Claire Whitney and lit-

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tle Jane Lee, whose four-year-old charm has brought the picture loving world to her tiny feet. The added feature will be the latest Wallingford comedy.

#### "Body and Soul" at the Garrick

"Body and Soul," a photodrama based on a case of aphasia in a young society girl, will be the usual offering which opens at the Garrick theater Sunday night, to run all next week. Talented Florence Rockwell appears in the film play. The story is one of unusual dramatic power, with well sustained suspense. Good comedy pictures will offer contrast to the leading feature at the Garrick.

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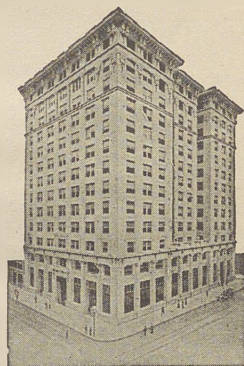
October 18, 1915.  
Notice is hereby given that Wilhelm Fischer, of Highland, California, who, on August 26, 1912, made homestead entry, No. 016227, for W $\frac{1}{2}$  NE $\frac{1}{4}$ , and E $\frac{1}{2}$  NW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 21, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Calif., at 9:00 a. m., on the 10th day of December, 1915.  
Claimant names as witnesses: William David Sewell, of Corral Canyon, Calif.; Chauncey E. Hubbell, Carl J. Ostrom, both of Escondido, Calif.; Joseph A. Anker, of Los Angeles, Calif.  
JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Minnie B. Wright, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Walter R. Wright, administrator of the estate of Minnie B. Wright, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the office of Ralph A. Chase, 403 H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California, hereby designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the County of Los Angeles.  
Dated this 23rd day of November, A. D. 1915.  
WALTER R. WRIGHT,  
Administrator.  
By Ralph A. Chase, his attorney.  
Date of first publication, November 27, 1915.

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#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS No. 26945.

Estate of Hugh Montgomery Cowper, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrices with the will annexed of the Estate of Hugh Montgomery Cowper, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrices at the office of John Beardsley, at Suite 336-339 Title Insurance Building, Los Angeles, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Hugh Montgomery Cowper, deceased, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Dated October 26th, 1915.

ETHEL MILDRED WHEELER,  
HILDA C. MONTGOMERY,  
Administratrices with the will annexed of said estate.  
John Beardsley, Attorney.



# Social & Personal

**S**OCIETY this week has been largely represented at the Hotel Virginia at Long Beach, where Mrs. May Sutton Bundy and Miss Molla Bjurstedt have been playing an intensely interesting series of tennis games. Every one was there, either entertaining, or being entertained, and the tennis matches themselves, were made the occasion for innumerable social affairs. This evening, the concluding day of the event, will be especially marked by the brilliant tennis dance at the Virginia. Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Orra E. Monnette had as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chandler, Dr. and Mrs. Robert McReynolds were there with friends. Another party was made up of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney I. Wailes, Mr. and Mrs. Russell McD. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farquhar, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carleton Lee. The William May Garlands had a coterie of friends with them as had Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cook, while Mr. and Mrs. William S. Hook and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robinson shared a box together. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Ayers of Pasadena were host and hostess and Mr. and Mrs. B. Orlando Bruce, the latter a sister of the former champion of the world, Mrs. Bundy, were also interested spectators. Among other prominent society folk in attendance were Col. and Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake, Mr. and Mrs. George I. Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Overton and practically all of the tennis players and enthusiasts.

Attractive among the recent affairs was the luncheon given by Mrs. Francis Pierpont Davis in honor of Mrs. Frank E. Davis, her mother-in-law who recently came here from Baltimore, Maryland, to live; and also in compliment to Mrs. William G. Wilson of New York, who is the house guest of the hostess mother, Mrs. Owen Humphreys Churchill. Thanksgiving season was suggested in the bright red color scheme, African holly, red tulle and tall candelabra, holding red tapers, being attractively combined. In addition to the guests of honor there were present, Mrs. Clair S. Tappaan, Mrs. Adam Darling, Mrs. William Jackson, Mrs. Virginia Everest, Mrs. M. J. Monnette, Mrs. C. B. Woodhead, Mrs. Mary Babcock, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. William Warren of Covina, Mrs. White, Mrs. Owen Humphreys Churchill, Mrs. David H. McCartney and Miss McGreagor. The latter rendered several enjoyable piano numbers.

Of local interest was the marriage in Coronado Monday of Miss Fannie Jessop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jessop, to Mr. F. C. Sherman, lieutenant U. S. N. The wedding took place in Christ Episcopal church in Coronado, Rev. Charles E. Spalding, the rector officiating. The bride was assisted by her sister, Miss Linda Jessop as maid of honor, while Lieutenant-Commander E. O. Wills, U. S. N., of the torpedo boat destroyer, Lawrence, attended the bridegroom as best man.

Coronado and San Diego smart sets are to hold their seventh annual charity ball at Hotel del Coronado next Tuesday evening. An unusual feature of the affair is to be the exhibition of a motion picture showing members of the younger set in an exemplification of the history of the dance from the war steps of the savage to the eccentric fox trot of today. In the Colonial minuet those appearing in the picture are Misses Louise Fleming, Madeline Hawley, Norma Hall, Mrs. Harold Angier and Messrs. Robert Nowland, Nedson Barker, Romayne Bert and Harold Angier. The 1915 syncopated fox trot pictures are of Miss Cornelia Strohbar and Mr. A. Courtney Campbell, III, who are to appear in dance divertissements at the Hotel del Coronado matinee dansante December 3.

Mrs. James Soutter Porter is planning to leave soon for New York where she will enjoy a visit with relatives. Prior to her departure Miss Inez Clark plans to give a farewell party in honor of Mrs. Porter.

Col. and Mrs. William May Garland returned Saturday last from a delightful motoring trip of two months in the east. Their son, Marshall, remained in Concord, Massachusetts, where he has entered school. Col. and Mrs. Garland motored through the Adirondacks and visited in New York, Montreal and other of the Atlantic coast cities. They

were accompanied on their trip by Miss Rose Garland, sister of the colonel, whose home is in New York. Accompanying the Garlands on the trip in another machine were Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hunter of Chicago and Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Overton have returned to their home here after a delightful week-end at Coronado. Mrs. Overton while there enjoyed the novelty of an aerial flight with Mr. Raymond V. Morris, the well known Curtis aviator as pilot. These aerial trips are engaging the interest of many of the society folk at Coronado lately. Mr. Morris, who is one of the most skillful of the aviators, was married recently to Miss Grace Gibson of San Francisco, a niece of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels.

One of the most brilliant of the season's affairs will be the large dance which Mr. Tom Brown is planning to give December 2 in honor of his cousin, Miss Eleanor Banning. The affair, which is being looked forward to with much pleasure by the smart set, will take place in the ballroom of the Banning home. A number of dinner parties will precede the dance, among the largest of these will be that given by Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy. Dr. and Mrs. Titian Coffey will have as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lyman, the four later going to the ball together.

Several young folk Monday participated in a morning paper chase, riding from the Beverly Hills hotel to a grove near Sawtelle. The skilled young equestrians who enjoyed the brisk race included Miss Helen Baruch, Miss Alice Barman, Miss May Thompson, Miss Dorothy Currey, Miss Kathryn Collins, Miss Oril Wing, Mr. Ben Winton, Mr. H. Hulburt, Mr. F. Kaftz and several others from the hotel. Little Miss Dorothy Green of Beverly Hills led the chase.

Many friends will welcome the visit of Mr. and Mrs. James Langford Stack, the latter formerly Miss Elizabeth Wood. Mr. Stack, who is an enthusiastic polo player has sent a string of his polo ponies from his country place at Wheaton, Illinois, and will participate in the matches to be held at Coronado. Mr. and Mrs. Stack are returning west in the company of the former's parents and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini Wood and Mrs. W. H. Perry.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis G. Hunt were host and hostess Saturday evening at an attractively appointed dinner party, the affair being planned in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. William Waycott of San Francisco. Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. William H. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. George I. Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts and Mr. and Mrs. McGathey. Mrs. Hunt entertained recently for Mrs. Waycott with a luncheon and auction bridge party. Autumn leaves and fruits were used in decorating and besides the guest of honor, there were present Mrs. George Safford, Mrs. C. L. Ely, Mrs. Paul English, Mrs. Fred Baker, Mrs. Charles Sumner Kent, Mrs. James Burns, Mrs. George Bishop, Mrs. Albert Waycott of Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. E. W. Fleming and Mrs. Shirley.

Mrs. A. D. Rockey of Portland, Oregon, who has been visiting here for a fortnight or so with friends, left Saturday last for the north. She motored as far as Santa Barbara with Mrs. Joseph K. Clark, whose guest she was for several days. After a short stay in Santa Barbara, Mrs. Rockey will continue her journey northward. While in Los Angeles Mrs. Rockey was the recipient of a number of social courtesies, her hostesses including Mrs. Clark, Mrs. William Mead, Mrs. James H. Adams and Mrs. John W. Kemp.

Hostesses at the Midwick Country club for the dinner-dance this evening will be Mrs. Rufus P. Spalding, Mrs. Earle Anthony, Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and Mrs. Kenneth Avery.

Mrs. R. H. Edwards was hostess recently at an informal tea given at her home on Wilshire boulevard in honor of Mrs. E. J. Jones of St. Paul, who is passing the winter in Southern California. Pink chrysanthemums and greenery were used in the decoration of the reception and living rooms, while in the dining room clusters of pink roses and



## Dainty Dansant Hats

**F**OR the approaching winter festivities—the theatre, the evening dansant and other dress and semi-dress occasions—many new and charming models are shown, especially for the debutante. Small affairs in gold, silver and jet; and black and silver lace combinations. Prices range up from \$10.00.

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ferns, combined with the fluffy tulle bows, formed an effective arrangement. Mrs. Edwards was assisted by Mrs. Willis G. Hunt, Mrs. Arthur W. Kinney, Mrs. Willis H. Booth and Mrs. Edward F. Pauly.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli P. Clark and their daughter, Miss Lucy Clark of St. James Park, have returned from an extended eastern trip, which included New York, Boston, New Haven, Salem and other interesting points. Miss Clark visited in New York with Mrs. John Hastings Howard, formerly Miss Helen Chaffee, daughter of Mrs. Chaffee and the late Lieutenant-General Adna R. Chaffee of this city. Lieutenant and Mrs. Howard are living in New York now, the former being stationed at Fort Slocum. While in the east Mr. and Mrs. Clark and their daughter were delightfully entertained by many friends there.

Mrs. J. J. Meyler has gone east, where she planned to pass Thanksgiving Day with her son, Mr. Robert Meyler, who is a student at Cornell University.

Mrs. Hancock Banning has been enjoying a short visit in San Francisco, where she went several days ago for a fortnight's visit with friends, and to give a few days more to the exposition. She will return in time to assist in the final preparations for the doll pageant to be given December 11 at the Alexandria for the benefit of the Children's Hospital.

Mrs. Thomas Lee Woolwine of 1040 Kensington road will entertain in honor of Mrs. James W. Noel of Indianapolis Wednesday afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Dulin of Pasadena motored up to Del Monte last week. Other southerners who are enjoying the gaieties at the northern resort are Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morse and Mr. J. E. Manvar of Los Angeles and Mr. George P. Barton and Miss Barton of Altadena.

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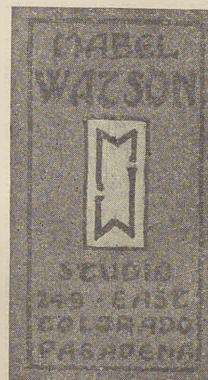
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# Music

OPENING its twentieth season, the Ellis Club presented a brilliant program at Trinity Tuesday evening. The audience nearly filled the house and had good cause to be enthusiastic. A new chorus and a scholarly one was the opening number, "Victory," by Dan Protheroe. It has all the involutions and solidity of a Handel oratorio chorus. The Gretchaninoff "Cherubic Hymn," sung two seasons ago, was given twice, at the demand of the audience. The boys' choir of the St. Paul cathedral took a prominent part and the number was conducted by Ernest Douglas. It is counterpoint not at its greatest complication, but at its best, melodically, running in six and eight parts. The Gericke "Chorus of Homage" was more modern in style, full of graceful melody and beautifully sung. Mr. Gericke was the second leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Dudley Buck "Chorus of Sprites and Hours" closed the program. Mr. Hastings at the organ supported Mrs. Lott's piano accompaniment and G. H. Jones sang the incidental solos. The ensemble gave a broad volume of tone and the closing choruses were especially interesting. The soloist was Miss Claude Albright, contralto. This was Miss Albright's first appearance here and she instantly "made good." She has a winning stage presence and an expressive face and these are no small attributes, when added to an excellent voice handled with taste and beauty of tone. The "Invocation" from "Samson and Delilah" was sung with dramatic fervor and the shorter numbers with nice attention to sentiment. The Ellis club thus begins its season under Mr. Poulin with a "punch," if one may use that expression away from the piano keyboard. It will have hard work excelling its opening record. I have to infer a good deal of the brilliancy of the tone of both chorus and soloists, for, from the unreserved corner under a rear balcony the tones lose something of their intensity and much of their brilliancy. At these and other club concerts it is bad policy to cause a judgment to be made from such a location.

This evening the same program will be given by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra that was so successfully rendered yesterday afternoon in the first concert of the season, held at Trinity Auditorium. There was a brilliant assemblage of notable men and women at the Friday event and tonight another distinguished audience is to hear the work of the orchestra under the baton of the director, Adolf Tandler, when the following program will be given: Dvorak, "Husitka" Overture, Op. 67; Tandler, Andante cantabile, for string orchestra (in memoriam, A. C. Billicke); Beethoven, Symphony No. 6 in F, Op. 68; Charpentier, "Impressions of Italy," orchestral suite.

Saturday evening, December 4, the orchestra will give its first popular concert, when Julius Bierlich, violinist and second concert master of the orchestra, will be the soloist, playing Beethoven's Romance in F. One local composer is to be represented on this program, when Charles E. Pemberton's Festival Overture will be given in public for the first time. The program also will include the Peer Gynt Suite, Grieg, in all four movements; the overture to Der Freischutz, Weber; two numbers for strings, one selected by Carrie Jacobs Bond and MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose," and the Strauss waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song."

Not long ago, Frieda Hempel, the Metropolitan opera soprano, gave a concert at Berlin for the benefit of the wounded German soldiers. In commenting on it one of the leading papers in Berlin said an endless amount was being done for the soldiers by the state, by societies and private individuals and that Miss Hempel might better have given her efforts to her needy co-workers in art who are suffering by the entire collapse of their opportunities to make a living. In other words, in Germany, one is not to give his charity where he pleases but is to ask the editors, or the power that is behind them. The "Allgemeine Musik Zeitung" says that "for the non-combatant victims of this world war, the innocent servants of art who have been plunged into bitter need, practically

nothing has been done." The only art that Germany now knows is art-illery. Americans ought to be thankful for their nationality and place of residence.

At the Hotel Alexandria, Thursday night of last week, Alys Larreyne gave a recital, assisted by Ludwik Opid, cellist and William Mead, flutist. Miss Larreyne is especially to be commended for the style which she infuses into her work, singing the French songs with much spirit. Her selections were largely in that language, from opera and modern song writers. Also, there were Charles Wakefield Cadman's "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water" and several other songs in English. Miss Larreyne was singing in France in opera until the war broke out. She is a statuesque beauty and makes an imposing impression on the concert stage. She sang to a good sized audience of representative society people.

To be a pioneer in any thing means labor of the never-ceasing kind, but to have been a pioneer in the popularizing of American instrumentalists, and women players in particular, is a task few would have chosen. Perhaps, had Maud Powell, who will be heard in recital at Trinity next Tuesday evening, after an absence from Los Angeles of five years, realized the tremendous odds against



Maud Powell

her she would have decided on another career. It has not been until recent years that her extraordinary ability has compelled critics and public alike to judge her playing on purely artistic basis, without regard to sex. Today, she stands pre-eminent, and while there can never be any "greatest" in any particular art, Maud Powell now occupies a position equal with Kreisler and Ysaye. She has probably been heard in more cities of this country than any other artist, vocal or instrumental, and every season enjoys a greater vogue. This season she is to play one hundred recitals.

As unusual in its music as in its idea is "The Children's Crusade" by Gabriel Pierne. This is called a musical legend. However, given in a church, it strikes one as an attempt to pass off an opera under choir vestments. Possibly, "opera and water" would describe the music, save for its rather ostentatious complexity. This work was given at Christ church under the direction of Archibald Sessions Thursday night of last week. The soloists were Mmes. Winslow Vaughn, E. S. Shank, Zobelein and Hance and Misses Hinkle and Simkins; Messrs. Henry Balfour, Jos. Porter and Fred McPherson, and Miss Ouellet, harpist. The chorus consisted of 50 children and as many adults. Pierne was a pupil of Franck and Massenet and the composer of a number of operas. This "Children's Crusade" smacks largely of the stage music. It shows a continual striving for the unusual. It is of that class of music that "is a lot better than it sounds." It reeks of the lamp rather than of inspiration. The climaxes involving the full choruses are the most interesting features, but the solo, and a good part of the ensemble numbers are ungrateful for the singers. In spite of this, Mr. Sessions' choristers conquered the difficult score, and if they had had a director in front of them, instead of at the organ, out of

their sight, the result in promptness of attack and "pulling together" would have been much better. The accompaniment was given to the organ and harp and the result, even with the orchestral resources of the organ was more monotonous than with an orchestra. And especially as to what has been said of the composition in general, above, applies to the organ part. It is an undertaking of no light character to drill choruses into a performance of a work such as this, rather large in scope and requirements and not having the added interest that melodiousness would give. And for this reason credit must be given Mr. Sessions, to his soloists and to his chorus, even to the children. With such forces at his control and choosing a work more melodious and harmonically less strenuous a type, and at the same time leading the work from a conductor's stand, Mr. Sessions would doubtless, achieve strong results.

Wednesday night Miss Flora Mora's program at the Gamut Club theater included numbers by Weber, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Granados and Larregla. Those by the latter two composers were in the way of novelties, Granados having been the recitalist's teacher and the composer of one of the new operas to be put on by the Metropolitan this year. Miss Mora plays with much animation, though inclined to mar her work by overuse of the pedal.

Last Monday night Mary Goodrich Read gave a home-coming recital at Trinity Auditorium, the first after several years passed in study in the East and abroad. Her program included several numbers that declared her technical proficiency by the manner in which she presented them. They were a Viotti concerto, a suite by Vieuxtemps, a group of smaller numbers of the Kreisler arrangements and the Ziguenerweisen, or Gipsy Life, of Sarasate. Miss Read is a welcome addition to the violinistic forces of Los Angeles where her further appearance will be heard with pleasure as she is a decidedly attractive player.

Caroline White, who is to sing at the Orpheum next week, is an American girl who is confident that the time will come when her countrymen will demand native singers in opera, but she is convinced that time has not yet arrived. Miss White expresses the opinion that it is a handicap, at present, to be an American girl in the operatic world, not so much with the public or with other singers as with the managers, who fear anything but foreign names. This is Miss White's first venture in vaudeville and she finds the "two-a-day" audience is just as quick to comprehend and appreciate as the "six-dollar-a-seat" audience.

Louis Persinger, the new concert master of Hertz' orchestra, in San Francisco had no little trouble in getting his belongings, his music and photographs past the German border, on taking leave for America. Everything was delayed until every sheet of music was examined, when, finally, the inspector discovered a photo of Nikisch on which was indited his love and affection. When the officer espied this he was silent for a moment, and then in a changed voice he pronounced, "Well, if Nikisch thinks that much of you it is not for me to detain you here any longer." Persinger was permitted to take all his music, signed photographs, and letters.

Every once in a while the improbable happens, in musical as in other affairs. As an instance, I was told of a pianist of high reputation who ten years ago came to Los Angeles and taught, perhaps, a dozen pupils for a time. The same man this summer went to a sage brush city on a guarantee worked up by interested parties and my informant said had seventy pupils in the course of the season at a lesson rate of ten dollars an hour. That does not look like hard times. I expect to be flooded with applications for the name of that city now,

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as there are piano teachers in Los Angeles who are not making quite that much. Allow for an increase of fifty per cent for enthusiasm and still there would be left a pretty good summer's work, when the musician's income is generally in red ink on the wrong side of the ledger.

Estelle Heartt Dreyfus, assisted by the Beverly Trio, gave a program on "The Negro in Song," at the Beverly Hills Hotel Thanksgiving evening. The following selections were rendered: Mammy's Wake Up Song (arrg. Alberta Jones); De Black Bird and the Crone (arrg. Burleigh); Swing Low Sweet Chariot (arrg. March); I Feel Like a Moanin' Dove (arrg. Farrell); Old Folks at Home (arrg. Foster); Mrs. Dreyfus; Old Kentucky Home (arrg. Langley); The Beverly Trio; Jean, My Jean (arrg. Burleigh); What Comes Over the Sea (arrg. Coleridge-Taylor); Paul Lawrence Dunbar; African Death Song (arrg. Mrs. Janison); Who Knows (arrg. Ball); Mrs. Dreyfus; Excerpt from New World Symphony (arrg. Dvorak); The Beverly Trio. American composers inspired by the negro—The Old Boatman (Homen), Lady Chloe (Clough Leighton), Mighty Lak' a Rose (by request) (Nevin), Mammy's Song (Nare), Mrs. Dreyfus.

At the monthly musical service of the Westlake Methodist church next Sunday evening the following program will be given under the direction of Sibley G. Pease, organist: Anthem, "O Paradise," Neidlinger; organ, "Epilogue from See-ong Suite, Rogers"; "So Thou Lifest Thy Divine Petition, Stainer, Mr. Russell and Mr. Geiger; organ, "Berceuse," Dickinson; Quartette, "God is Love," Sibley G. Pease; Anthem, "A Song in the Night," Woodman; Organ, "Song of Sorrow," Gordon B. Nevin; Quartette, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," Camp.

December 3 the Lyric Club will give its first concert of the season, under the baton of J. B. Poulin. The Brahms quintet will be the assisting body, which of itself is sufficient promise for an interesting evening.

Maud Powell's recital ought to draw out every fiddler in town to Trinity Auditorium next Tuesday night. The probabilities are that the house will be filled to capacity.

Program for the Schubert Club last Wednesday at the Alexandria was of Swedish music given by Alice Wernlund, Frances Close Potts and Horatio Cogswell, baritone. The club will give an organ recital at Westlake M. E. Church, December 3.

Virginia Goodsell, soprano, assisted Bruce Kingsley at his organ recital at Trinity, last Sunday, singing a number of English songs.

Margaret Jarman has decided to remain in Los Angeles this season and will give time to musical instruction. She has had quite an operatic experience in Italy and America, and was a favorite in the National company here last season.

Mrs. Gloria Windsor, soprano, has returned to Los Angeles and has taken a studio with Mrs. Graham Putnam, at Seventh and Burlington.

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# Books

FROM the straight-jacket of San Quentin prison does "The Star Rover" of Jack London's latest book derive the nepenthe which enables him to throw his freed spirit back over the ages to live again those previous existences when he was a Roman soldier in Palestine, a shipwrecked English sailor in forbidden Korea, a boy victim of the Mormon massacre. While he is sustaining interest in this newest method of the ever-popular idea of transmigration of souls by having his Star Rover, through the "little death" he experiences in the straight-jacket defy his prison warden's cruelty, London is allowing himself to string together a series of the best short stories he has yet written, stories which must convince the reader that in tales of other days, which make the brutality of man seem more plausible than that he insists on instilling into his modern narratives, the Californian will find his greatest opportunity. Possibly, the best of these incidents, these stories within a story, is that of Adam Strang, English "sea-cuny," cast ashore on the rocky coast of Korea in the sixteen hundreds, who by his bearing wins the love of the beautiful Lady Om and becomes virtual ruler of the country before he is overcome in a palace revolution and condemned, with his beautiful companion, to wander on the highways of Korea, a beggar for forty years, ere he sinks his fingers into the throat of the man who brought his misery and dies in his final hour of victory. Like most of London's offerings, the book is unusual and it is more than diverting. It is presented with that plausibility that makes us accept its unrealities by not admitting, mentally, that we do not believe them. ("The Star Rover." By Jack London. Macmillan Company. Bullock's.)

## "When My Ship Comes In"

There is a theatrical manager in New York who is noted for the artistry of his productions, for his conceit and for the many charges of plagiarism which have been brought against him. If this noted wizard of the stage defends his shredded reputation as most men would there is going to be a suit for slander brought against Gouverneur Morris. For further particulars consult "When My Ship Comes In." In this, his latest novel, Morris has depicted a double-dyed villain of the old and recently unfashionable sort and he has drawn him in such guise that no person at all familiar with the theater or dramatic gossip can fail to be seized with a profound conviction as to where the author gained his model. It has long been suspected that Gouverneur Morris could write as but few of the younger Americans can, if he would but put both his eyes on his work and not constantly let the gaze of one of them wander off toward the cash register upon which he records his rapidly increasing receipts from eager magazine and book publishers who "know what the public wants." Morris does just enough fine work, powerful word painting, in "When My Ship Comes In" to make readers wish that he would cater a little less to the popular demand. He has a real feeling for nature and a skill in describing thoroughly lovable young people which is seldom equalled, but he is so anxious to keep up with the other producers of "word movies" that his real talents are sadly obscured. One of his grateful publishers should give Mr. Morris a vacation on full pay, send him off to an ocean isle and keep him there until he turns out a piece of genuine literature. ("When My Ship Comes In." By Gouverneur Morris. Charles Scribner's Sons. Bullock's.)

## "Making Money"

For those who inseparably connect the name of Owen Johnson with such work as "The Salamander" and "Stover at Yale" there will be disappointment in his last book, "Making Money." Johnson has gone to that place of easy fortunes, Wall Street, and has attempted to do to the stock gambling world what he did to the university world, lift the lid, but he has not succeeded as he did in his school studies in conveying conviction through his fiction expose. Coming from an author who had not already made his reputation "Making Money" might have been hailed as a notable

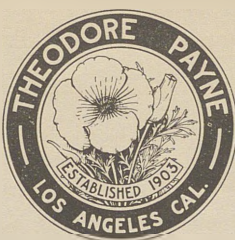
piece of work, but the opinion sticks that the best thing Johnson did with his materials was when he selected the exceedingly clever title. It is the tale of four young men who proposed to conquer the world and it points a long respected moral by showing how the only one who really succeeds is he who plugs along doing useful labor. There are wild scenes of financial excitement, of intrigues, of speculation and we must be duly grateful to the author for one beautiful love scene, handling so superbly the attraction of healthy youth for healthy maid that the reader may well feel disappointment that the entire story is not so well written. It is a novel above the ordinary, as the ordinary goes in rough and tumble American fiction, but is not likely to enhance the author's reputation. ("Making Money." By Owen Johnson. Frederick A. Stokes Co. Bullock's.)

## "The Man From Bitter Roots"

Caroline Lockhart is a new writer to the reviewer, but she is a welcome one, after reading her "Man From Bitter Roots." As may be inferred, it is a western story. Her hero is Bruce Burt, as a child, a runaway; as a man, a wandering miner who discovers pay dirt in a western river and sets out to develop the claim. He goes east to interest capital, but has a hard time in the cities until he is taken up by a rich promoter, who backs him against a prize-fighter. By winning the bout he gains the interest of other men of wealth and they supply the funds for his placer mining venture. When in the east he also finds in a bright newspaper woman the sister of his former mining partner. The story is complicated by the efforts of a tenderfoot to get hold of the claims and by his hirelings, who mismanage the machinery set in motion to wash the soil and sand. They are so successful in slyly checking his mechanical plans that in the end he gives up and closes the plant, but stays in his cabin through the winter. Then enters the girl again. She has secured an option on part of the stock of the concern and visits Burt's old father, who was never reconciled to the prodigal. She persuades him to come to his son's financial rescue, and the final scene is their appearance in the mountain cabin. This bare outline of the story does not give any idea of its charm. While there are a number of dramatic incidents, well handled, there is also an abundant fund of humor in the descriptions and dialogues of western characters. Even though there is a tinge of melodrama, the various roles are distinctly differentiated and well articulated, and for these reasons the novel deserves to receive attention. Miss Lockhart describes intelligently mining and hydro-electric machinery, which, though it may not be technical enough for an engineer, is ample for the layman and gives the tale an atmosphere of verity which offsets part of the levity with which her comedy characters are treated. ("The Man From Bitter Roots." By Caroline Lockhart. J. B. Lippincott Co. Bullock's.)

## "Boys in the War Zone"

Not only are war correspondents and other adult fictionists taking advantage of the big European contest, but the writers of fiction for the young are turning calamitous circumstances to account. Included in the latter is "Two American Boys in the War Zone," by L. Worthington Green. It relates the adventures of two lads who, with their father, are visiting Nizhi-Novgorod as the war breaks out. The older man happens to say to a stranger that his mother was a German; for this he is promptly arrested and imprisoned. The boys determine to make their way to America. But the northern and western outlets are closed, so the only way open is to the south by way of the Volga and across the Caucasus mountains to the Black Sea. It is the Caucasus that gives the author his opportunity to relate adventures with bandits, and soldiers and shaggy mountaineers. By way of Tiflis and Batoun they go, regardless of impossibilities, and then sail for Venice. Their vessel is blown up and more adventures are in order. Finally, they are rescued by an Austrian war



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ship and sent on their way home. The story is rather perfunctory and the dialogue inclined to be stilted—but, perhaps, youthful readers will excuse that. ("Two American Boys in the War Zone." By L. Worthington Green. Houghton Mifflin & Co. Bullock's.)

## "Kulture Cartoons"

Probably the most venomous pencil which has been directed at Germany and its Kaiser since the war began is that of the once suspected "labor" artist, Will Dyson, who since he left off vilifying bloated English business through the medium of a union paper to turn his talents to "Kulture Cartoons" has been the darling of London. It is a vigorous pencil. To Dyson the German is a fat, gross creature, somewhat related in shape to the cartoonist's idea of a small-brained, cloven-hoofed devil. The Kaiser is a sad-faced, resentful appearing person ordering the illiterate mussulman to cease praying in the direction of Mecca and turn his face toward Potsdam. There is in Dyson's work, of course, the rankest of partisanship, but there is undeniable power. H. G. Wells adds a foreword to the little collection of Dyson's war pictures which have just been issued in this country in attractive form. ("Kulture Cartoons." By Will Dyson. L. C. Page Co. Bullock's.)

## "Steve Yeager"

When a picturesque coiner of words enriched the English language recently by giving it the phrase "word movie" to describe a certain type of lurid fiction he doubtless had just finished reading an advance copy of "Steve Yeager," William MacLeod Raine's latest contribution to timely literature. The description is pat, for "Steve Yeager" is distinctly a word movie; moreover, it is a tale of movie actors, members of a desert company located near the Mexican border and devoting more of their time to clashes with a bandit-general than to the production of canned drama. It is one of those stories of breathless action, adventure on top of adventure, blood, lovely women and coarse villains everywhere—the sort of story a reader is likely to finish no matter what hour of the night, and then to scold himself, or more probably herself, for finding thrills in anything so improbable. The wonderful escapades of Steve Yeager, introduced to us as a cowboy of listless habits and little capacity, but developing into a personage of marvelous abilities and unsuspected depths, might have been bitten off at the end of almost any of its chapters if the author had not adopted the ancient and honorable expedient of always leaving one of his characters in trouble and therefore affording an opportunity of writing a few thousand more words. ("Steve Yeager." By William MacLeod Raine. Houghton Mifflin Co. Bullock's.)

## "The Gray Dawn"

Rather a narrative of the youth of San Francisco than of the characters he uses in telling it, is Stewart Edward White's melodramatic tale "The Gray Dawn," which is to the Vigilante days what the author's "Gold" was to the rush of '49. "The Gray Dawn" would be called by a dramatist "over episodic." It is almost a collection of incidents—many of which, doubtless, are founded on actual events and all of which are possible to the epoch of which White writes. Two cultured persons from Baltimore, Milton and Nan Keith, are thrown into the lawless community which was San Francisco in 1852. While the man is becoming district attorney and aligning himself with the forces of law and order, Nan is gradually involved with the lady-killer of the place and the troubles of both are complicated by a team of blackmailers. They find their best friends in a professional gambler and his wife, John and Patsy Sherwood, and it is in the drawing of these two persons the author does his best character work. He tells us, in his last chapter, that they are based on the founders of one of San Francisco's most notable families. The scattered threads of the plot are brought to a dramatic

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crisis in the final cleansing of San Francisco's civic life. It is a big picture of a stirring time that Mr. White has attempted, but the result does not seem so satisfying as does most of his work. There is an indefinable air about the later chapters of the book which seems to indicate that the author is not certain of his ground and is anxious to rush the story through to completion. ("The Gray Dawn." By Stewart Edward White. Doubleday, Page & Co. Bullock's.)

## "Young Hilda at the Wars"

Of all the books which have been turned out in the last few months concerning the actualities of war, as seen close to the battle front, probably none will succeed in its object of conveying a cross-section of a great conflict to its readers any better than Arthur Gleason's "Young Hilda at the Wars." This will be not only because it gives us a picture of a rarely charming Iowa girl fearlessly darting about the battle-zone in her field ambulance, but because its author is a man who can write and with this faculty for words combines the ability to think. The philosophy of war, the beauty of battle that is hidden beneath its ugliness, he brings to us. Gleason shows himself a skillful reporter, able to tell unnatural things naturally. To borrow a phrase from the vaudeville stage, he can "put it across." At times, when he writes of the remarkable Hilda, he seems not to be merely telling us about a girl but to be exposing a soul and a wonderfully pure one. It is quite the best small book of war experiences that has come to the reviewer's table. ("Young Hilda at the Wars." By Arthur Gleason. Frederick A. Stokes Co. Bullock's.)

## "Spragge's Canyon"

Returning to the scenes pictured in his earlier fiction and to the locality which was for many years his own home, that graceful English writer, Horace Annesley Vachell, has produced a California story which must take rank as one of the best which glorify this state. "Spragge's Canyon" the author is pleased to term on the title page "a character study," but in so labeling it he does scant justice to what is certainly the best of his western stories. The book does contain not one but several strong character studies, but it is too full of stirring incident and of warm color to be regarded simply as a psychological excursion. It is the story of George Spragge, strong, vigorous specimen of rugged, uncouth manhood, and of his pioneering mother and steady-eyed, resourceful cousin Samantha, whom his mother wishes him to marry. To their wild environment George is pleased to introduce a pretty, selfish city girl, and it is the hidden struggle between this alien creature and the glorious Samantha for the hand of the lord of the canyon that furnishes the author his plot and opportunity for his unusually convincing character delineation. Vachell is an ardent lover of the beauties of California, and he paints its charms in a way to fascinate even Californians. ("Spragge's Canyon." By Horace Annesley Vachell. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

All lovers of Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" will be interested to know that Doubleday, Page & Co. have just issued this book in a handsome leather edition.



## In the World of Amateur Sports

**M**ORE golf matches were scheduled for Thanksgiving Day than for a long time but the popular Scotch diversion was forced to dispute with tennis for the attention of amateur sport lovers, since that was also the date of the long anticipated match between Molla Bjurstedt, the little Norwegian girl who is champion of America, and May Sutton Bundy, once world's champion and until her defeat in San Francisco two weeks ago by Miss Bjurstedt regarded by many as still the strongest woman tennis player in the world. The result of the match is not known at this writing but that it was a genuine contest marked by real sportsmanship goes without saying. Completing the first day of the Long Beach round robin tournament was scheduled a match between Mary Browne and Florence Sutton. Friday's games were Florence Sutton vs. Miss Bjurstedt and Mrs. Bundy vs. Miss Browne. This afternoon the Norwegian girl is to play Miss Browne and Mrs. Bundy will meet her sister, Miss Sutton. In addition to the regular matches, McLoughlin, Johnson, Bundy, Browne and Wayne appeared in exhibition sets.

For the golfers there were special contests arranged at all the clubs. Eighteen hole handicap medal play was the program at the Los Angeles Country Club Thursday morning, with eighteen-hole handicap match play in the afternoon, trophies to be presented the winning players in each event and for the choice score for the thirty-six holes. In addition, I. W. Shirley and Dr. Spinks were expected to play the finals in the club's fall handicap. Shirley landed in the finals by defeating J. W. Wilson, 3 up and 2, while Spinks won from A. B. Barrett 4 up and 2.

At Annandale, the event for Thanksgiving week was a thirty-six-hole medal score handicap, eighteen holes to be played Thursday and the other eighteen today. Cups are offered for the best eighteen hole net score and the best thirty-six-hole choice score. The tournament will close with a stag dinner and smoker tonight, in charge of J. S. Mathern, H. A. Fitzgerald, Jr., and Henry Newby.

Second round matches in the fall golf handicap attracted the greatest attention at Midwick, although there was also medal play for Thanksgiving. Those in the second round were Stanley Smith, W. K. Jewett, Alex MacDonald, Leigh Guyer, Ralph Harriss, Hugo Johnstone, Bruce Bundy and E. L. Williams. At San Gabriel play was in order Thanksgiving for the R. A. Fowler cup, eighteen holes against par.

### Polo at Riverside and Midwick

Riverside is the polo capital of the south this week, with Midwick and Riverside teams holding the first inter-club tournament of the season. The first game was played Thanksgiving Day and final honors will be determined in the contest being played today. No game was played Friday between second teams, as originally planned. Riverside had a handicap of but one goal on the ratings of the teams, which is an unusually close standing for two aggregations. Hugh Drury, who plays with Midwick in the regular Wednesday and Saturday games, is regarded as a member of the Riverside team and is a tower of strength to that club as he is the highest ranked man in Southern California. He is rated as a 7 goal man. Ratings of the other members of the Riverside team are F. D. Hudson 2 goals; H. G. Pattee, 2 goals; H. Lett, 1 goal. Midwick players' ratings are Carlton Burke, 4 goals; Reggie Weiss, 4 goals; Harry Weiss, 2 goals; Bobby Neustadt 2 goals. Riverside's total is 11 goals and Midwick's 12 goals.

No Wednesday game was played at Midwick. In the contest last Saturday the division of the polo players into two groups, Pasadena and Los Angeles, according to their residence, resulted in a victory for the Pasadena men by the close score of 7 to 6. It is the second of a three-game series and leaves the teams even. Pasadena was represented by Hugh Drury, 1; Bobby Neustadt, 2; John B. Miller, 3; Dr. Z. T. Malaby, back. Los Angeles: Carlton Burke, 1; Reggie Weiss, 2; Harry Weiss, 3; Hal Cook, back. Rufus Spalding and E. Q. McVitty were referees.

### Action of S. C. Golf Association

Ed B. Tufts, one of the veterans of golf in this state, will continue as president of the Southern California Golf Association

for another year. He was re-elected at the annual meeting of the association, held last week, as were all the other officers, Elmer R. Williams, vice-president; Raymond Hornby, vice-president and E. H. Bagby, secretary and treasurer. Los Angeles Country Club was successful in obtaining the amateur championship tournament, which will be held April 12, 13, 14 and 15, 1916. A supplementary event will be held at the Midwick Country Club May 6. Quite the most important action of the meeting, which was attended by twenty-four representatives of country and golf clubs, was in cutting down the number of players on club teams from seven, as has been the rule in the past, to five. The following schedule of inter-club matches was arranged:

Los Angeles Country Club—January 15 at Annandale, March 4 at San Gabriel, May 20 at Virginia, April 1 (afternoon) at Victoria, March 31 at Redlands, March 11 at Midwick, May 11 at Orange, March 18 at Altadena, March 25 at Point Loma, January 22 at Coronado.

Annandale Country Club—April 22 at L. A. C. C., February 26 (afternoon) at San Gabriel, January 22 at Virginia, March 26 (forenoon) at Victoria, March 25 at Redlands, March 19 at Midwick, May 20 at Orange, January 3 at Altadena, May 27 at Point Loma, May 28 (forenoon) at Coronado.

San Gabriel Valley Country Club—April 15 at L. A. C. C., March 11 at Annandale, February 12 (afternoon) at Virginia, April 1 (forenoon) at Victoria, March 31 (afternoon) at Redlands, May 18 at Midwick, May 13 at Orange, February 19 (afternoon) at Altadena, April 29 (afternoon) at Point Loma, April 29 (forenoon) at Coronado.

Virginia Country Club—January 3 at L. A. C. C., January 8 at Annandale, April 22 at San Gabriel, April 1 (afternoon) at Victoria, March 31 (afternoon) at Redlands, March 25 (afternoon) at Midwick, May 3 at Orange, April 18 at Altadena, February 6 (forenoon) at Point Loma, January 23 (forenoon) at Coronado.

Victoria Club—January 30 (forenoon) at L. A. C. C., April 29 (afternoon) at Annandale, January 29 (afternoon) at San Gabriel, February 12 (forenoon) at Virginia, December 11 at Redlands, June 9 at Midwick, February 26 (afternoon) at Orange, May 6 (afternoon) at Altadena, February 5 (afternoon) at Point Loma, February 6 (forenoon) at Coronado.

Redlands Country Club—April 11 at L. A. C. C., April 25, at Annandale, January 29 (forenoon) at San Gabriel, February 11 at Virginia, December 18 at Victoria, May 14 at Midwick, December 4 at Orange, April 8 at Altadena, February 5 (forenoon) at Point Loma, February 4 at Coronado.

Midwick Country Club—April 8 at L. A. C. C., February 26 (forenoon) at Annandale, January 15 at San Gabriel, February 12 (afternoon) at Virginia, April 1 (afternoon) at Victoria, March 31 at Redlands, May 11 at Orange, January 8 at Altadena, February 4 at Point Loma, January 19 at Coronado.

Orange County Country Club—January 5 (afternoon) at L. A. C. C., January 5 (forenoon) at Annandale, January 8 (afternoon) at San Gabriel, April 5 at Virginia, December 5 (afternoon) at Victoria, May 27 at Redlands, April 22 (afternoon) at Midwick, January 15 (afternoon) at Altadena, December 11 (afternoon) at Point Loma, December 12 (forenoon) at Coronado.

Altadena Country Club—May 13 at L. A. C. C., June 10 at Annandale, January 22 at San Gabriel, May 27 at Virginia, March 4 at Victoria, February 26 at Redlands, April 16 at Midwick, March 11 at Orange, February 6 at Point Loma, February 5 at Coronado.

Point Loma Golf Club—April 16 (forenoon) at L. A. C. C., June 30 (forenoon) at Annandale, January 29 (afternoon) at San Gabriel, April 16 (forenoon) at Victoria, January 4 at Victoria, January 8 at Redlands, January 31 (forenoon) at Midwick, January 10 at Orange, January 30 at Altadena, January 1 at Coronado.

Coronado Country Club—February 12 at L. A. C. C., January 30 (afternoon) at Annandale, January 29 (afternoon) at San Gabriel, April 16 (afternoon) at Victoria, January 8 at Victoria, January 15 at Redlands, February 13 (forenoon) at Midwick, January 9 at Orange, January 16 (afternoon) at Altadena, January 2 at Point Loma.

Team captains chosen for the 1915-1916 season are as follows: John Wilson, Los Angeles Country Club; E. R. Williams, Midwick Country Club; Dr. West Hughes, Annandale Country Club; George T. Cline, San Gabriel Country Club; W. A. Publow, Victoria Club; Raymond Hornby, Redlands Country Club; Charles Twist, Orange Country Club; A. M. Goodhue, Virginia Country Club; G. E. "Bud" Story, Altadena Club; George Newhall, Coronado Country Club; Nelson Barker, Jr., Point Loma Golf Club.

Three new clubs were admitted to membership, Altadena, Coronado and Point Loma. Following is a list of delegates to the annual meeting: W. A. Publow and Dr. A. C. Cameron, Victoria Club; Raymond Hornby and Gregory Palmer, Redlands Country Club; A. M. Goodhue and W. W. Campbell, Virginia Country Club; George Cline and Will Bacon, San Gabriel; A. R. Williams and Alex MacDonald, Midwick; George Potter, Potter Country Club; Dr. West Hughes and Henry Newby, Annandale; J. D. Story, Altadena; J. W. Wilson and

George Schneider, Los Angeles Country Club; A. C. Quist and F. B. Browning, Orange County Country Club; George Newhall, Coronado, and Nelson Barker, Point Loma Club.

### Football for Sweet Charity

For the benefit of the Children's Hospital a football game will be played on the Midwick Country Club field this afternoon between two teams known as the Blues and the Yellows. The teams have been practicing for a week and are in condition to present an exciting contest. Team members are: Blues: R. Silent, W. Morris, P. Halbriter, Paul Herron, Perry Wood, Tip Rodman, Joy Clark, S. O'Melveny, E. Seaver, R. G. Thomas Ardon Day and J. Powell. Yellows: Paul Grimm, Marcus Marshall, Brown McNeill, Bob Monroe, Put Hammond, George Littler, A. Pollock, Herb Howard, Sidney Wailes, George Reed, John Garner, W. Wigton, C. Stimson Jim McBride, John Elliott, Stan Smith, Jack McFarland and Pat Sheedy.

### Yacht Club Rechristened

"Los Angeles" instead of "Sunset" is to become the name of that yacht club which has its club home at Long Beach and which was organized several years ago by a number of former members of the South Coast Yacht Club. Members of the Sunset Yacht Club, at their annual meeting held last Saturday night in their club house, voted in favor of the change of name, instructing the directors to see that it is put into effect, and discussed means of making the club a greater factor in southern yachting. Plans for a new and larger clubhouse were informally discussed and it was stated by several members that they were expecting to build new boats which would materially increase the club fleet next season. Prizes offered for the 1915 season were awarded as follows:

For the best appearing boat on opening day—Yawl Arrow, Al G. Sepulveda, owner.

First race of season—Sloop Columbine (Sepulveda).

Long Beach Elks' Cup race—First prize—Sloop Vite (Weston). Second prize—Mischief II (F. C. Hyans).

Commodore's cup—Sloop Columbine (Sepulveda). Second prize—Sloop Venus (R. L. Bixby).

Virginia Hotel cup—Sloop Mist (Bailey Aggeller). Second prize—Sloop Vite (Weston).

"Examiner" cup—Sloop Columbine (Sepulveda). Second prize—Olita (Charles Fink).

Fastest Motor Boat—Tagus (Hulett C. Merritt, Jr.).

Prize for best attendance for season—Sloop Venus (R. L. Bixby).

### To Bar "Mug-Hunting" Players

To make the tennis champions of Southern California real Southern Californians, just as the champions of other sections would be residents of the state

or district the title of which they hold, would be the result of following a suggestion which is being seriously advocated in the east. The limiting of players in state and district tournaments to actual residents would be a novelty in competitive amateur sports, but there is much to be said in its favor, the strongest argument, perhaps, being that it would prevent the "mug-hunting" trips of many players. As the David Cup competition is now conducted the country is divided into districts and the winners from these districts meet each other in a series of elimination matches leading up to the finals. Such a rule could be adopted in making elimination trials for a real national tournament, a tournament not to supplant but to supplement the national all-comers' event. State titles at present are a decided misnomer. For instance, in the last book of records which has been issued, that covering the results of the 1914 season, it is found that a Californian holds the state title of New York; and the Washington state champion is likewise a Californian. The Iowa state champion hails from Missouri; a New Yorker is champion of Virginia. An Illinois player holds the Michigan title, a Texan that of New Mexico and there are almost as many more instances as there are state tennis championships. Such a condition is exceedingly discouraging to local players in any section. They give zest to the game in their home cities and states throughout the year, until the annual tournament is held and then the best they can do is, perhaps, to reach the semi-finals. However, this condition is likely to continue, as the resident qualification has long been advocated and the present agitation is no more likely to be successful than were its predecessors.

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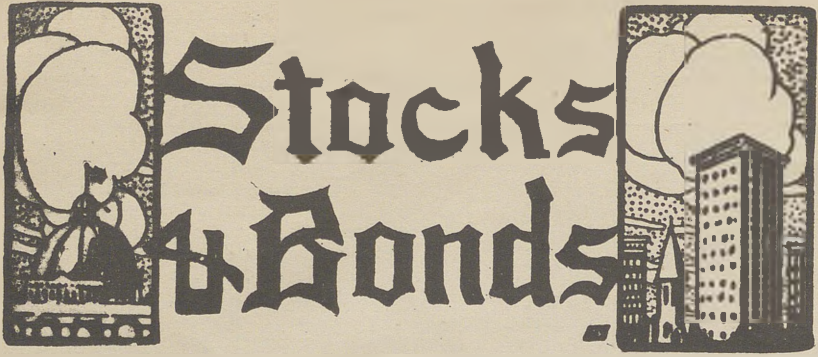
All the new up-to-date models carried in stock.

**TUFTS-LYON ARMS COMPANY**

"Good Shooting Goods"

428 South Spring Street





**D**ULL and sluggish conditions prevailed on the Los Angeles stock exchange this week, down to adjournment Wednesday afternoon for the Thanksgiving holiday. The oils have held the market, with strength displayed by all the higher priced issues. Associated showed the greatest activity, being in demand at firm figures hovering about \$62.50. Union, likewise, gained a few points and before the holiday adjournment was selling at \$70 or better. More interest than for some time past was manifested in the cheaper securities, such as Traders, Olinda and Rice Ranch. Notification has been received by the exchange from the Associated Oil offices in San Francisco that the dividends of that company hereafter will be paid quarterly, instead of semi-annually, but the amount has not been announced.

Slumping of Tom Reed has been the only feature in an uninteresting mining market. This Oatman stock has fallen off from \$2, last week's quotation, to \$1.90, but the trading at this lower figure has been limited. Two weeks ago the stock was in good demand at \$2.45. Ivanhoe has been the only Oatman stock to exhibit activity. Several thousand shares were sold early in the week at 15 cents and at this writing it stands at bid 15, asked 19. Directors of the Consolidated Mines Company have levied an assessment of 1/4 of one per cent on the stock, to become delinquent December 16. The stock is now quoted at bid 1 cent, asked 1 1/4 cents.

Los Angeles Investment was a small trader at 37 1/2 cents. The other industrials were sluggish, as were the bank stocks. A better tone is noted in the bond market and many off board sales are unofficially reported. Perhaps, the best gainer among the higher class of local bonds has been the Los Angeles Railway Corporation 5s which have advanced 5 points in the last eight months and are now firm at \$87-\$89. Home Telephone bonds also are in demand and Pacific Light and Power issues, first mortgage and refunding mortgage, are favorites.

#### Banks and Bankers

Joining with the National City Bank of New York in forming a gigantic American international financial institution, will be Kuhn Loeb & Co., the Morgan interests and the Rockefeller interests, if reports from New York are to be believed. It is stated that these dominating American financial interests are to unite in forming the American International Company, an outgrowth of the International Banking Corporation, control of which was recently secured by National City Bank interests. The new corporation is to be incorporated at \$50,000,000 and will seek the cream of the foreign business of South America, the Orient and Russia, which the belligerent nations of Europe have been forced to release. The plan originated with Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank. Otto Kuhn of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., it is reported, is to be prominently identified with the project. The corporation proposes to finance industrial activities in the countries where it establishes its branches.

Recently elected officers of the Los Angeles Clearing House Association have entered upon their duties. They are: President, J. F. Sartori, president of the Security Trust and Savings Bank; vice-president, J. A. Graves, vice-president of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank; secretary, F. W. Smith, cashier of the United States National Bank. In addition to these the other members of the executive committee are: Stoddard Jess, vice-president of the First National Bank; and W. H. Holliday, president of the Merchants National Bank.

Modifications of territory of national bank examiners in the San Francisco federal reserve district, announced by Claud Gatch, chief examiner, leave the men assigned as follows: J. A. H. Kerr, Los Angeles, Ventura and Santa Barbara counties; Oscar Thompson, that portion of the district south of Los Angeles and extending into Arizona; W.

E. Wilcox, Sacramento, Stockton, Fresno and contiguous territory; Claud Gatch, San Francisco, Oakland and the bay region.

#### Stock and Bond Briefs

Standard Oil Company of Kansas has declared the regular quarterly dividend of \$3 a share, payable December 15 to stock of record November 27. This is the fourth quarterly dividend of 3 per cent in 1915. In the last half of 1914 dividends were suspended after the regular 3 per cent and 7 per cent extra had been paid in the first quarter and the regular 3 per cent in the second quarter. Willys-Overland declared its regular quarterly dividend of 1 1/4 per cent on preferred stock, payable January 1 to stock of record December 23.

Increase in New York Central's dividend next year is expected on Wall street and this and other Eastern railroad stocks are being accumulated by big operators.

Pullman stockholders expect to receive a Christmas present in the shape of an extra dividend which it is rumored the directors intend declaring.

Hawaiian Commercial & Sugar Company has declared the regular monthly dividend of 25 cents a share and an extra dividend of 50 cents a share, payable December 6. This brings the dividends declared by this company this year to \$5 a share, or \$2,000,000 for 1915. All the outstanding bonds of the company were redeemed November 20.

Wright Aeroplane Company of New York has filed papers increasing its capital stock from \$1,000,000 to \$5,000,000.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK

##### Los Angeles

Grand jury probes charges of misconduct and graft at municipal harbor.

Trial of M. A. Schmidt for Times dynamiting continues.

Finance committee of city council revises license ordinances to increase revenue.

Real estate man accused of Pendell murder is released. Woman accuser attempts suicide.

State railroad commission opens hearing on petition of city to buy Edison electric system.

Merchants and Manufacturers' Association institutes campaign against fake bargain sales.

##### California

Million dollar land deal in Imperial Valley announced.

"Los Angeles Day" observed at San Francisco exposition.

State highway between Los Angeles and San Diego thrown open.

##### United States

Hamburg-American line officials put on trial in New York on charge of deceiving United States. German attaché involved in testimony.

Raiding Mexicans enter United States near Nogales, Mexico.

C. S. Mellen testifies in trial of former New Haven Railroad directors.

Storms sweep over northwest.

##### Foreign

Allies continue negotiations for demobilization of Greek army.

Germans, Austrians and Bulgarians successfully continue occupation of Serbia.

London credits rumor that Kaiser will propose peace when he enters Constantinople.

Artillery engagements only activity in western field of war.

#### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the Matter of the Estate of Margaret Asbury, Deceased.

It Is Ordered, By the Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before said Superior Court on the 1st day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court Room of said Superior Court, Department 2 thereof, in the Court House, in said County of Los Angeles, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the administrator of said estate to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary to pay debts and costs of administration or for the best interests of the estate.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in "The Graphic," a newspaper printed and published in said County of Los Angeles.

JAMES C. RIVES,  
Judge of Superior Court.  
Dated October 25th, 1915.  
A. B. Shaw, Jr., Attorney.

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#### Paving Contractors

#### GENERAL INSURANCE NEWS

**F**IRE Chief Eley of Los Angeles has been "on the carpet" all this week, as the result of the remarks last week by R. W. Osborn of San Francisco, president of the Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific, who in addressing the Los Angeles Fire Underwriters Association declared that there was "something rotten in Denmark." Mr. Osborn was discussing the increase of fire insurance rates ordered in Los Angeles by his organization but took pains to explain that he spoke as a private individual and not as a board official, declining both before the underwriters and before fire committees of various civic organizations to attempt to fix the blame for conditions which he says prevail in this city. Answering the implied accusations in Osborn's address Eley asserted that his department was not responsible for the many total loss fires, declaring that the council would not give him power to remove fire hazards by ordering prevention apparatus in dangerous buildings. His charge resulted in the council passing an ordinance to give the chief the powers he demanded and after this action was taken Eley made a further request of the establishment of a "fire prevention bureau" such as is maintained in many cities. His suggestion was taken under advisement. Meanwhile, the fire chief threw a scare into the city government by declaring that the city hall and adjacent municipal buildings were among the worst fire traps in Los Angeles. Despite the increasing of the fire chief's authority and his assurances that thereby he would be able to cut down losses, the civic committees which have been seeking a way to obtain a reduction in insurance rates, are declared to be preparing a report which is said to censure several public officials and to "lift the lid" upon the underlying reasons for advances ordered by the Pacific board. Mr. Osborn declined to do this, saying that his organization was concerned simply with actual facts of fire loss in relation to premiums paid. Opponents of Fire Chief Eley have even gone so far as to advocate the appointment as his successor of Louis Almgren, San Diego fire chief. The controversy promises to develop into one of the warmest ever held in Los Angeles.

James L. Collins, assistant manager of the Pacific Mutual home office agency, passed "Los Angeles day" at the San Francisco exposition, returning Monday.

D. M. Warde, formerly general agent for Southern California of the Union Mutual Life, has joined the field force of the Los Angeles general agency of the Equitable Life.

Charles Warren Pickell, manager of the Detroit agency of the Massachusetts Mutual Life, has come to Los Angeles for the winter and will live in Hollywood.

S. H. Jones of El Paso, southwest agency director of the Beneficial Life of Salt Lake City, was a Los Angeles visitor this week.

Frank E. McMullen, manager of the Southern California general agency of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company addressed the Los Angeles Ad Club Tuesday evening on "Life Insurance—Its Relation to Commercial and Social Life."

Forbes Lindsay of the Pacific Mutual "School for Salesmanship" has returned from a three weeks' trip to Montana. He arranged for W. R. Dobbins of Great Falls to act as Montana general agent for the Pacific Mutual and in addition transacted company business in Butte, San Francisco and Sacramento.

Mac O. Robbins of Santa Ana, president of the California State Association of Local Insurance Agents, announces his appointments to the executive committee of the organization, as follows:

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more than 12,000 people are patrons of the bank that pays FIVE PER CENT on Savings.

**HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK.**  
The Bank of Thrift  
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#### NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK.

Pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Hibernian Savings Bank, a corporation, unanimously adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 13th day of October, 1915, a special meeting of the stockholders of said corporation has been called for and will be held in the office and principal place of business of said corporation, to-wit, at its banking room, Second Floor Hibernian Building, Southeast corner of Fourth and Spring Streets, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, on Wednesday, the 12th day of January, 1916, at the hour of Three o'clock on the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from Three Hundred Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$350,000), consisting of Three Thousand Five Hundred (3,500) shares, of the par value of One Hundred Dollars (\$100) each, to the amount of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000), to consist of Five Thousand (5,000) shares, of the par value of One Hundred Dollars (\$100) each, and to transact all such other business as properly pertains to or is connected with such increase of capital stock.

By order of the Board of Directors.  
Dated this 13th day of October, 1915.

A. M. GIBBS,  
Secretary of Hibernian Savings Bank, a corporation.

#### DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.

Sept. 17, 1915.

Non-Coal. 025501  
Notice is hereby given that Ida E. Rundle, whose post-office address is 1445 S. Flower St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 9th day of January, 1915, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 025501, to purchase the N 1/2 NE 1/4, Section 19, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200, the stone estimated at \$100 and the land \$100; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of November, 1915, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

No withdrawals.

JOHN D. ROCHE.

C. D. Barnett, Santa Rosa; W. G. Thompson, Napa; C. Fred Burks, Oakland; M. G. Callahan, Livermore; John A. Hicks, San Jose; H. J. Thielen, Sacramento; Noah Adair, San Bernardino; P. S. Castleman, Riverside; R. C. Heinsch, Los Angeles; Herbert N. Neale, San Diego; Charles Malcolm, Long Beach.



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Seashore Ex.	Leave Los Angeles.. 5:00 p.m. Arrive San Francisco 10:10 a.m.
THE OWL	Leave Los Angeles.. 6:00 p.m. Arrive San Francisco 8:50 a.m.
No. 49	Leave Los Angeles.. 7:30 p.m. Arrive San Francisco 12:50 p.m.
THE LARK	Leave Los Angeles.. 8:00 p.m. Arrive San Francisco 9:45 a.m.
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NAME	OFFICERS
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<b>M</b> ERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK S. E. Cor. Sixth and Spring	W. H. HOLLIDAY, President. J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier. Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.
<b>C</b> ITIZENS NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Third and Spring	A. J. WATERS, President. E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus \$500,000; Undivided Profits, \$235,441.61.
<b>H</b> IBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg. Spring and Fourth.	GEORGE CHAFFEY, President. GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier. Capital, \$325,000.00. Surplus and Profits, \$35,250.00.
<b>N</b> ATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHBURN, President. H. S. McKEE, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.
<b>C</b> OMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK 401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth.	W. A. BONYNGE, President. MALCOLM CROWE, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.
<b>F</b> IRST NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits \$20,000,000.

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Coronado Beach, Cal.  
H. F. NORCROSS, L. A. Agent,  
334 South Spring Street.

## Where To Buy The Graphic

VAN NUYS HOTEL LOBBY, Fourth and Main Sts.  
GILLESPIE'S BOOK STORE, 233 So. Spring St.  
PARKER'S BOOK STORE, Broadway near Second.  
S. SMITH, 434 So. Hill St.  
INDEPENDENT WAGON, Mercantile & Bdway (West side of St.)  
MERCANTILE STAND, Mercantile & Bdway (East side of St.)  
KODAK STORE, Mercantile Place.  
PLUEKHARPS, Mercantile Place.  
MERCANTILE STAND, Mercantile & Spring.  
ALEXANDRIA HOTEL LOBBY, 5th & Spring.  
PACIFIC ELECTRIC BLDG., Main Waiting Room.  
FOWLER BROS., 747 So. Broadway.  
BULLOCKS, Seventh & Broadway.  
HERBERT F. BROWN, 190 East Colorado St., Pasadena.  
PACIFIC NEWS AGENCY, San Diego, Cal.

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**Positively**  
**CLOSES DEC. 4<sup>TH</sup>**

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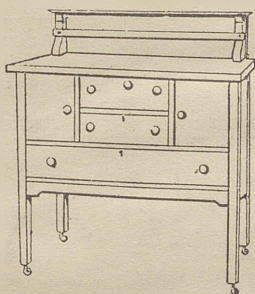
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## Give Furniture—Bullock Furniture

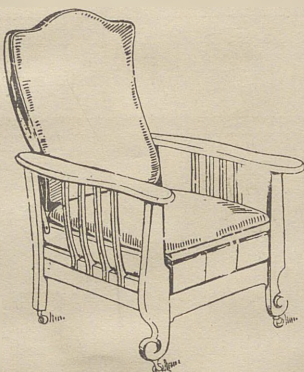
—Useful, lasting gifts that serve to keep the donor always in mind—

—This Bullock Furniture Section is featuring Furniture that should help you solve your Gift Problems—practical, usable furniture that is sure to be appreciated—Just a few pieces pictured here—Visit the Seventh Floor—make your selections—and they will be held for you for future delivery.



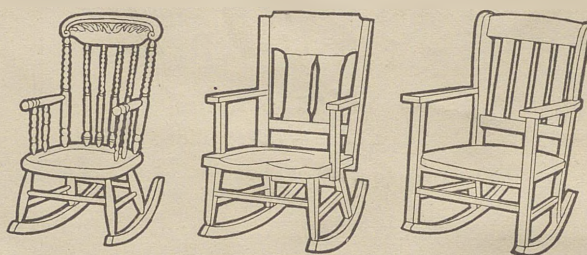
**Oak Buffet**  
\$14.75

—quarter-sawed fumed oak buffet with a 20½ x 42-inch top—convenient drawer arrangement—plate rail—exceptional value at \$14.75.



**Morris Chair**  
\$22.75

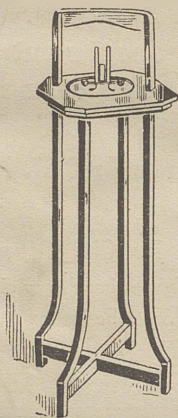
—leather chair with solid fumed oak frame, disappearing foot rest—back can be adjusted by a slight pressure of the body—\$22.75.



**Variety of Children's Rockers**

—very reasonably priced—one on left of golden oak—and is very comfortable, \$1.35.

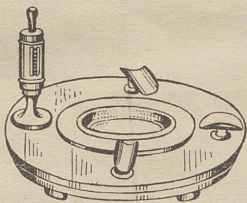
—The one in the center is quite massive and is made on the Mission order—of solid fumed oak, \$3—The one on the right is also made of solid fumed oak—continuous posts and wing back effect—\$3.50.



**Smoker at \$2.25**

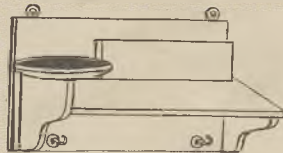
—of solid fumed oak—has match holder, ash tray, cigar holder—very neat and reasonably priced, \$2.25.

—Another style with drawer and shelf, at \$2.50.



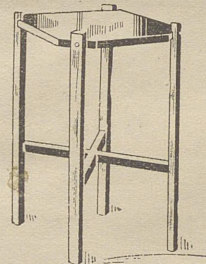
**Smoker Tray \$4**

—very convenient tray arrangement—has three cigar holders, ash tray and lighter—\$4.00.



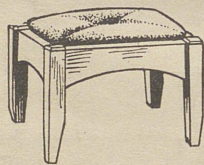
**Telephone Shelf**  
\$1.65

—made of solid fumed oak—has phone holder, rack for pencils and note paper—and two hooks for directories—\$1.65.



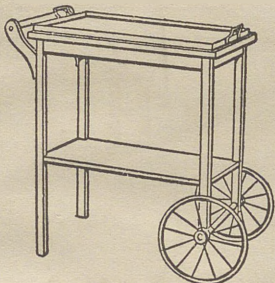
**Oak Taboret 75c**

—of solid fumed oak, strongly constructed—neat and reasonably priced, 75c.



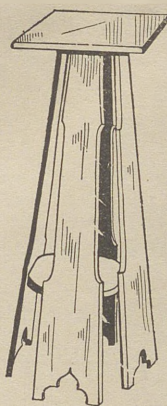
**Foot Rest \$2.75**

—leather covered fumed oak foot rest—9½ inches high, 9 inches wide and 15 inches long—\$2.75.



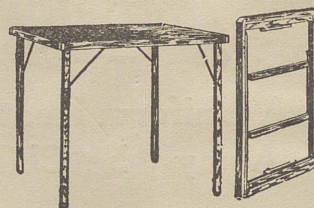
**Tea Wagons**  
\$8.75

—of fumed oak or mahogany finish—will save many steps—practical and strongly constructed—has removable tray—\$8.75. Others at \$12.75, \$15.75, \$17.50 and to \$25.00. Seventh Floor.



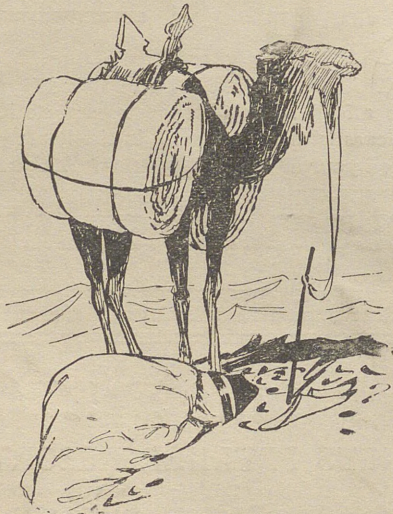
**Oak Pedestal \$2.50**

—has a 10x10-inch pedestal top and is 31 inches high—good value at \$2.50.



**Card Tables \$1.95**

—\$2.75, \$3.50 and \$4—of fumed oak and mahogany with felt and imitation leather tops. Many other sensible gifts on the 7th floor.



## 9x12 Wilton Rugs \$44.<sup>95</sup>

—Fine Wilton rugs including such well-known grades as Karnak, Herati and Ardebil Rugs—in the 9x12 size at \$44.95—the 8.3x10.6 at \$39.95.

—several new patterns that have just been received with give additional interest to the display.

### Small Oriental Rugs

—Make most acceptable Christmas Gifts—buy them now and Bullock's will hold them for delivery—there will be no more coming—make your selections now—

—Small rugs at \$7.50, \$9, \$11, \$22.50 and at \$25—Other rugs at higher prices.

—Sixth Floor.



**Bullock's**  
Broadway at Seventh

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